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Mostly About People

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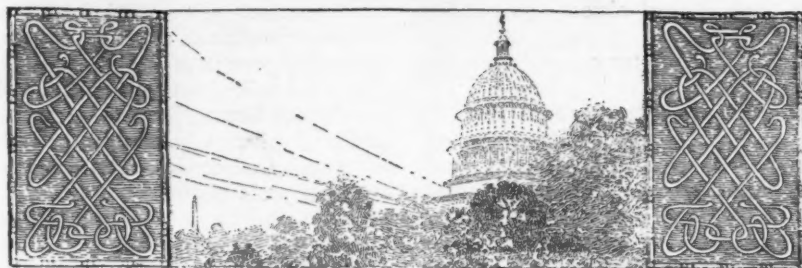
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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

ALL Washington is aquiver with the activities of the "dollar-a-year" men. Every nook of available floor space is utilized by some commission, working on war preparation, and haunts long vacant now teem with life. Old residences ring with the clatter of the typewriter instead of the chatter of society days—social activities are under the ban. Even Secretary Lane had to move swiftly to keep the new interior building from being pre-empted by the War Department. Many large organizations have abandoned annual conventions, devoting the money they would have spent to war purposes. Every hotel in Washington is turning people away altho meatless and wheatless days are observed with the rigor of Lent.

Every new invention invites interest, and the people joined the President and Secretary Baker in inspecting the new United States war trucks and airplanes. With a respite from Congressional pressure, the President has prepared a legislative program for the coming session to round out the work of a notable year. Local election returns were read listlessly, for party application does not thrive in war times. Many men identified with Republican organization work have been called into service because of their knowledge of men of their party needed for specialized tasks. When there is work to be done—they go. The speeches of Mr. Henry P. Davison during his recent tour in the interest of Red Cross work were pungent presentations of pressing needs. The work of the bankers and business men on the second Liberty Loan campaign elicited the hearty appreciation of the Secretary of the Treasury. On the last day of the campaign, rallies were staged even in the railroad stations. When the clock struck twelve, midnight, the speaker had made his last appeal and sold his last bond in the Grand Central Station in New York, as I passed thru from Washington, which I left in the afternoon fairly sizzling with loan enthusiasm.

Events of the past few months prove that the country is not altogether dependent upon Congressional appropriations for carrying forward great undertakings. The volunteer

*Spirit of the Volunteer
Lives in the Hearts of the People*

may be a thing of the past in the army, but the spirit of the volunteer is still very much alive in the hearts of the people. Touching elbows, everybody is eager to do work that will add distinction to citizenship. Anything having to do merely with the pursuit of pleasure must yield the right of way to things needed for the boys overseas.



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THOMAS A. EDISON

He: wizard of electricity, examining the heavy-duty war trucks which have just been accepted officially by the President and Secretary of War

Grim evidence of war is indicated in increased taxes; at the theater; traveling or staying at home to write a letter—its shadows fall everywhere, but the people continue to dig deeper into their pockets. The three-cent stamp familiar a generation past has returned, while the plebeian post card has been promoted to the two-cent messenger class. Postage may go up, or postage may go down, the franking privileges go on forever! now utilized for the work of various commissions.

People are moving about in Washington as tho they felt prosperous, and money is circulating, which ought to mean good times for a while at least. The Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee will have their problems in the future. The money must be paid some time. Anyway, there is a busy buzzing in Washington; busier than when Congress is in session; busier than in presidential campaigns. The individual who is not busy these days is a self-labeled loafer, and the Vigilantes'll get him "ef he don't watch out."

*Chief Executive Examines
the Heavy-duty Motor Truck*

AMONG the distinguished inspectors of the first United States Army motor trucks was Mr. Thomas Alva Edison. As he stood against a background of flags on the speakers' stand, with his hands in his pockets, contemplating the machine, he was

oblivious of all about him, seeming to concentrate his thought on the machine under inspection.

Edison wears the same kind of collar, the same black tie, the same sort of a hat as when he gave to the world the incandescent light. As an inventor of basic, practical things, Thomas Edison is still without a peer in the world. Turning to a group of young inventors nearby, he talked to them in Edisonsic monosyllables. He has a way of finding out things that others know and don't know in one simple question, which

clarifies propositions that have seemed almost too puzzling and abstruse for solution.

"No one can tell what will happen tomorrow," said Mr. Edison. "All the theories of the past may be eliminated."

On this same occasion President Wilson made an executive examination of the heavy-duty motor truck. There was animated discussion; even the boys on the street knew all about it.



DANIEL WILLARD
President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, member
of the Council of National Defense

Following the acceptance of the new trucks, Secretary Baker stepped into the driver's compartment and drove the truck from the grounds behind the State, War and Navy Building out into the street and around the grounds. The two trucks were completed two days ahead of schedule time, one being built in Rochester, New York, and the other in Lima, Ohio. For road test, they were driven under their own power over the mountains to Washington. The trucks are designed for a three-ton load, but with a capacity for five tons. The engineering work is now finished, under the supervision of Mr. H. L. Horning, chairman of the Automotive Products Section of the War Industries Board, and Mr. A. W. Copland, chairman of the

Schedule Committee, and the Class B heavy-duty war truck is now ready for quantity production.

*Increased Tonnage on American Railroads
More Than All the World Combined*

IN a map-adorned room in the Munsey Building, Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio, is conducting the most notable transportation campaign in the history of the world. Naturally modest, he shunts off inquiring newspaper men with the suggestion that it is all being done by the Railroad Committee, and not himself. Around him are maps with the military districts and cantonments marked in red. Close at hand is a table showing coal shipments and movement of all transportation.

One startling fact tells the story. The increased business of the American railroads above the normal year for 1915—that is, for 1916—was more than all the tonnage of Russia, Germany, Austria, England and France combined. Stop and read that statement over again! All the tonnage of these European nations is less than one year's increase handled in the United States of America, with its 255,000 miles of railroad. The rails in this country, comprising two-fifths of the total mileage of the world, have been kept hot this last year. The mobilization of troops and supplies alone surpasses in magnitude the dreams of the most sanguine transportation expert.

On the map in Mr. Willard's office, the United States of America does not appear any larger than the maps of Germany, but when you consider that you can put all Germany in the state of Texas, you get some idea of the area of this country. Best of all, this area means resources for more intensive production and development upon a basis which will help carry

the burden of billions which we are piling up today, based upon the production from our vast areas and the normal and substantial growth of the country.

While I talked with Mr. Willard, Mr. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western, entered to arrange for two hundred and fifty railroad superintendents to go to Russia at once—not merely railroad men, but superintendents—to help solve the great problem of Russian transportation.

*The Quickest Subscribed and
Collected Library in History*

THE Library War Council's Campaign to raise a million dollars for libraries for our soldiers and sailors at home and abroad has been oversubscribed by nearly a half million.

The Library War Council appointed by the Secretary of War had as its chairman Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, New York. Among his aides were: Mrs. Josiah E. Cowles, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; E. T. Stotesbury, of J. P. Morgan Company; Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, and many others equally as prominent in financial and business circles. But the man behind the gun, the man upon whose shoulders the whole campaign rested, was Harold Braddock, of Montclair, New Jersey.

Like so many men who have come to the front in Washington during this war period, Harold Braddock stepped out of the ranks of newspaperdom. He had had eight years' experience as newspaper reporter, city editor, managing editor and special writer. At Harvard he specialized in economics and English; the latter because of a feeling that besides a knowledge of foreign languages, every American should know his own. For a number of years he was a staff member of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, and more recently was vice-president of an organization having for its object the stimulation



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HAROLD BRADDOCK

Who formed the Library War Council under the direction of Secretary Baker

of civic activities thru Chambers of Commerce. During this period Harold Braddock organized Chambers of Commerce from New England to the Pacific Coast, from Michigan to Florida.

When the war broke out, Mr. Braddock was called to Washington to serve as one of the national directors of the American Red Cross campaign during its big drive to raise one hundred million dollars. His work with the Red Cross was so highly successful that the Red Cross people loaned his services to the American Library Association, where, realizing what was needed, he at once formed the Library War Council under the direction of Secretary of War Baker.

They in turn have released Mr. Braddock indefinitely at the request of Raymond B. Fosdick, for Training Camp Activities where he will continue to plan magic ways of raising more millions from the wide-open purses of the people. It all seems to suggest good team work.

*How the Boy Scouts
Handled a Crowd*

THAT the Boy Scout today takes his work seriously and lets nothing swerve him from what he really regards as his duty was illustrated during a parade in Washington. A six-foot policeman was having great difficulty in keeping back the crowds which surged forward from the curbstone in spite of his protest. Near by stood a twelve-year-old youngster in a Boy Scout uniform, with a staff in his hand. "Here, Scout," called the policeman, "keep back a few thousand of these people, will you?" The boy took the joke literally and never even smiled, but held his staff horizontally and started for the mass of humanity, whereupon the mass melted into a group of friendly men and women, with a big place in their hearts for a plucky small boy. A great shout of laughter went up, but the crowd moved back and the road was cleared.

*No City Wants to
Lead in "Dead Ones"*

EACH week the United States Bureau of the Census publish mortality reports from the largest cities in the United States. They give for each city the total number of deaths reported, the death-rate, the number of deaths under one year of age, and the proportion of infant deaths to total deaths. Where data are obtainable for the previous five years, averages for corresponding weeks are given for each city.

These totals, rates and percentages permit valuable comparisons and serve as a ready health index for health officers and others. Now that Uncle Sam is checking us up weekly, it behooves us all to watch our step. No city wants to lead in "dead ones"!

*Railroads Rendering
Patriotic Service*

MORE important activities of the War Board during the first four months are summarized in a very interesting way by Fairfax Harrison, chairman of the Railroads' War Board: "The voluntary act of the 693 railroads of this country in merging their competitive activities for the period of the war and uniting in one continental system, has not only made the transportation problem presented by the war less cumbersome to handle, but surer of satisfactory solution. In addition to welding into one loyal army each and every one of the 1,750,000 persons employed by the railroads—from engine wipers to presidents—the co-ordination of the nation's carriers has made possible the most intensive use of every locomotive, every freight car, every mile of track and every piece of railroad equipment in the country. Approximately twenty million miles of train service a year have been saved by the elimination of all passenger trains not essential to the most pressing needs of the country. This reduction of passenger service has

released hundreds of locomotives and train crews and cleared thousands of miles of track that are absolutely needed in the freight service for the transportation of necessities."

*Arliss' Interpretation of Hamilton
Witnessed by Secretary McAdoo*

IN these stirring times, the theater has not neglected to bring before us great plays dealing with fateful hours in American history. George Arliss' impersonation of Alexander Hamilton was so vivid that it set all Washington agog. From the moment Arliss, as the wizard Hamilton, is seen standing at the table, quill in hand, puzzling over the problem of a united nation paying its debts, you realize whence came the United States. Arliss becomes a living Hamilton, presenting his ideas



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PRESIDENT WILSON INSPECTING HEAVY-DUTY TRUCKS

While a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers explained to him the details. Third from the President is Secretary Baker. These two trucks were designed in less than thirty days, and the dies, tools and patterns were rushed to completion in twenty-five per cent of the usual working time

of the inmost thoughts and motives for sympathetic scrutiny. The play deals with the career of Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, and the friend and protege of George Washington. While the play may not adhere strictly to historical facts, all agree that it is a strong dramatic production. It reveals the love of Washington, Talleyrand, and other famous men for young Hamilton, the waif from the West Indies, which is conveyed to the audience over the footlights, with the lapse of a century of time. The atmosphere of the play is intensified by the impersonated presence of Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, later Presidents of the United States, in Alexander Hamilton's home—Jefferson, eager to know the truth concerning the charges against Hamilton, generously withdraws when satisfied they were exaggerated; but Monroe obstinately seeks to fix the charges.

In the third act occurs the intense situation, when his country and the world seem to have turned upon Hamilton, but he has proved his devotion to the ideal of a united nation, even to sacrificing himself, and his readiness to return to the West Indies makes a scene even more thrilling and tragic than the recorded details of the fatal duel with Aaron Burr.

There may be times when the action seems to border on the melodramatic, but never once does the interest flag. The name and fame of Alexander Hamilton have surely not suffered in consequence. The plot revolves upon the very act that located the capital on the banks of the Potomac, and because of the fact that Hon. William G. McAdoo, the present Secretary of the Treasury—one of the most conspicuous personages of



FAIRFAX HARRISON
Chairman of the Railroads' War Board

the time—sat in a box witnessing the production of a play presenting problems of the first Secretary of the Treasury that were even greater than Liberty Bonds—for there could have been no Liberty Bonds had Hamilton failed.

The trade is made by Hamilton with Monroe and Jefferson that they would vote for Hamilton's measure, provided the Federal Government would guarantee the debts of all the thirteen states, and, in return, he would vote for locating the capital in the South on the banks of the Potomac.

Upbraided by his colleagues because of the log-rolling project, Hamilton arouses his distinguished father-in-law, General



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OSCAR A. PRICE

Who directed the publicity for the second Liberty loan, succeeding Robert W. Woolley, who handled the first loan. Mr. Price has been auditor for the Interior Department for some years

Schuyler, to fury. The doughty Revolutionary general insisted that Albany was the proper place for the seat of the national government.

History is often retaught by plays as well as text-books, and is much more palatable to the average person in dramatic form. Alexander Hamilton, portrayed by George Arliss, is a striking example.

Price, the Prize Publicist

WITH all the thrill of a popular uprising of the people in the united support of their government, the second Liberty loan, representing more than three billion dollars, was an expression of patriotism unsurpassed. Mr. Oscar A. Price, who handled the publicity of the campaign, puts a very modest estimate on his own work, but the fact remains that it was a tremendous, well-organized and well-advertised drive that reached every nook and corner of the land. Mr. Price told me of a postmaster in a little out-of-the-way place in Wyoming who wired in the last day: "I hold in my hand fifty dollars for a bond for Mr. ——. Save one sure."

Mr. Price does not look upon his publicity work for the Treasury Department as a difficult or laborious task. He just takes the public into his confidence—gives the newspapers everything, and they do the rest. Activities of the government is, after all, real news—and constitutes real publicity.

"Tell the people—they'll do the rest. If the thing is right, it'll go thru, and the people will knock a home run every crack," is the way Mr. Price puts it.

Mr. Price has been connected with the Treasury Department for some time, first as auditor of the Interior Department, later being delegated to clean up the Bureau of Printing and Engraving tangle, and, with this completed, he was then put in charge of the publicity for the second Liberty loan. Mr. Price owns the *Ronceverte Times*, a little country newspaper in West Virginia. The only public office he ever held before coming to Washington was that of president of the school board in a little town of 2,100 people. Speaking about it, he laughed and said: "I had run for city recorder and was defeated by ten votes, so they took pity on me and ran me for president of the board of education, and I pulled thru with ten votes to spare." His dark eyes twinkled as he humorously sketched the story of his "rapid rise."

Mr. Price is of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and his ruddy face and iron-gray hair give a suggestion of the strength of mind and purpose that lie back of his activities. He jokes about his first name—Oscar; says he can't understand how it got into a good old Scotch-Irish family, and tells the story of a Swedish gentleman from the Northwest, who wrote that when he got to Washington he would stop in at the Treasury Department and look the other Oscar up. If he ever does, he will have the surprise of his life.

The New A, B, C of Business

ILLUSTRATING what it means to have trained men in public service, Judge Edwin B. Parker, of Houston, Texas, former law partner of Judge Robert S. Lovett, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, put his mind toward priority problems as member of the Priority Committee. Priority means the things that must come first in the hurried preparation for war. He took up the matter thoroly; blanks were prepared, setting forth a system that works as equitably as possible. When the United States Shipping Emergency Fleet called for supplies, it was up to the Priority Board to see that they could arrange for these supplies. The business of the United States and the Allies was expedited. All business was divided into A, B, and C classes, A meaning all direct war needs; B, all war needs indirectly required, and C, all other business.

The Secretary of the Navy orders torpedo boat destroyers, and everything required in their construction is given an "A" rating preference. If a company is given a contract for valves, and they find out they haven't the copper, the Priority Board gets busy. Everything necessary to win the war has the priority attention; it is given precedent.

The manufacturer of non-essentials must await his turn; for instance, pleasure automobiles must be put aside for trucks for the war. All red tape is eliminated, for, as Judge Parker said, "This is a proposition where results must be obtained, and an accounting to the last dime must be made."

Sir Stephenson Kent and Sir Frederic Black, of the British Admiralty, on a visit to this country, reported that pleasure motor cars in England are being put aside eighteen months in order that airplanes might be produced.

In the matter of tin plate, Mr. Hoover indicated to the Priority Board that thirty-two thousand boxes of one hundred pounds each were required to can our food. Manufacturers met and talked over the situation and the matter of paper containers was suggested, as a substitute for tin. Senor Tossi, of the Italian army, made an appeal for tins to carry gasoline over the mountains, which could not be done in larger containers.

War necessities for tin have been urgent. Tin boxes for cigarettes and other forms of tobacco, toilet articles, bottle stoppers and other non-essentials, will, so far as necessary, be

eliminated in order that the supply shall be ample to meet the demands of essentials. These are some of the thousands of suggestions that are being carried by the Priority Board.

Judge Parker is a typical lawyer, wears a Van Dyke beard, and has a slow and deliberate way of measuring out propositions. He has been most successful in his conferences with business men in making them realize the necessities of the case. The government, last of all, desires to strangle or throttle any industrial effort.

*Civil War Birth of the
Department of Labor*

THE most interesting and informative half-hour I have spent in Washington in many a day was with Louis F. Post, Acting Secretary of Labor. In addition to his long and arduous day, he is busy far into the night, for if there is one thing that Louis F. Post has enjoyed in his lifetime, it is the study of questions pertaining to labor. Born in New Jersey, he served as an apprentice in a printshop, and he confesses that he can still go to the case, set a stick and pull out a string. But he went on a strike, all by himself, and is still on a strike so far as that job is concerned.

The history of the organization of the Department of Labor is interesting as Mr. Post tells it. After the Civil War, in 1865, a meeting was held in Kentucky, at which T. V. Powderly, now of the Department of Labor, made the first plea for a department of this character. He realized that, with the million men mustered out of the army, working men had a problem before them. It first started with a Bureau of Labor Statistics, and here was where the impulse was first manifested that there was a feeling among workmen that they did not want to be considered as mere instruments instead of members of society.

This Bureau of Labor Statistics later evolved into the Department of Commerce and Labor, but was divorced when the tenth member was added to the President's Cabinet. Labor now sits with the other members in presidential conferences.

*Meatless and Wheatless Menus
Strictly Observed at Washington*

MEATLESS and wheatless menus are no longer a myth. Mr. John McE. Bowman, of the Food Commission, writes appreciative letters to those who are faithfully helping in the work of food conservation. At the St. James Hotel, in Washington, I enjoyed a "meatless day" Tuesday, and the bill of fare on that day elicited a strong letter to the hotel from Mr. Bowman, as follows:

The Food Administration is very much gratified by your co-operation in instituting a "meatless Tuesday," and the patriotic effort you have made to co-operate with us in our plan for conserving the food in the country. I have looked over your bills of fare for yesterday with a great deal of interest, and note you had a real conservative menu.

JOHN MCE. BOWMAN.

There was not even a tiny bit of bacon in the club sandwich, it was strictly meatless—not even a bare soup bone in sight.

"Wheatless day" came on Wednesday, and I could not have even a crustless pie, as everything was served according to the strictest interpretation of the rules and regulations. There was not a complaint among customers—and no difference in the total receipts, for it costs just as much to have a wheatless or meatless dinner as it does to have a wheat or meat dinner. People will spend money when they have it, but it carries out the purpose of conserving the meat and the wheat for the soldiers and the Allies.

*In the Trenches
at Washington*

A DAY behind the scenes in United States war work is nothing short of fascinating. It seems as if you were in the first line of trenches, for it is behind the desks at Washington that the great work is being done to win the war. It is a stupendous undertaking which cannot be comprehended by anyone.

The department work is spread all over the city, anywhere and everywhere that room can be found. At the Union Station

was the working force of aircraft production, with one objective point—to have twenty-five thousand airplanes ready within a year.

On L Street, Chairman Garfield is busily working at the coal situation, and exercising strike-breaking power, for if there is one thing the government is going to have—it is coal. In the old Gordon Hotel building is Herbert Hoover, with his thousands of people working for food conservation. The old hotel fairly rings with the click of the typewriter. Placards are here, there, and everywhere telling people what to do to save food, suggesting menus in hotel fashion and comparing the prices of food with those of civil-war times, by way of consolation. To see Mr. Hoover practice what he preaches and break the lumps of sugar in two at lunch, and eschew cream and butter, was an inspiring example.

*John N. Willys Speeding Up
War Camp Community Work*

BIG vital problems face the War Camp Community Service of America. In this work the War and Navy Departments are equally interested, for it is designed to truly "Keep the Home Fires Burning." This splendid work to increase the

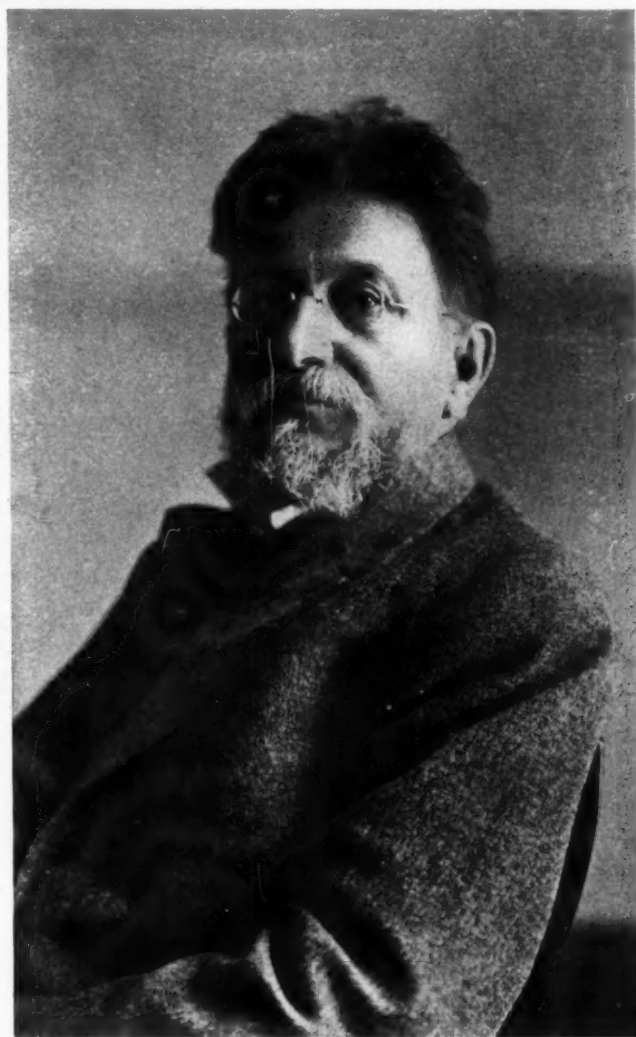


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Clineinst

LOUIS F. POST, ACTING SECRETARY OF LABOR

efficiency of the fighting forces has been put in charge of Mr. John N. Willys, of the Willys-Overland Company of Toledo, Ohio, as national chairman, jointly appointed by Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels, with the official endorsement of President Wilson. The work is being administered officially in connection with the War Department and Navy Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, of which Raymond B. Fosdick is joint chairman.

It is a work which everybody feels should be done, yet

nobody wants to do. Mr. Willys, in putting a ready shoulder to the wheel, has set an inspiring example. To furnish healthful recreation outside the camps, which will tend to maintain the morale and efficiency of the boys recruited for the army and navy, is a task that is stirring the hearts of all Americans with the vital realization that these boys are indeed "our boys."

"The spirit of the American army," insisted Mr. Willys, "is to be made in the next few months. Mere numbers do not make an army—millions of soldiers who lack the fighting spirit can retreat without a struggle. The American boys must know that the finest ideals of civilization are in their hands: that the folks at home are fighting in their hearts."

Of what avail is it that the mothers of America give their boys to the country if they are returned physical wrecks thru dissipation? The great purpose of the War Camp Recreation Fund is to make the uniform of the soldier and sailor the mark of all that is wholesome in community life, and an insignia of democracy in its highest sense.

No patronizing, "be a good boy," or compulsion, or high-browness is comprehended in the War Camp Community Recreation Fund. It is not based on the supposition that the boys in camp need "reforming," or any religious or moral tracts cast at them; it is merely the realization that the normal young fellow craves and needs recreation—amusement, if you will—to occupy his leisure time and give him relaxation.

*President Wilson Endorses
War Camp Fund*

IF every well-enviored home in the vicinity of war camps could be opened to receive the boys, the benefit would be incalculable, because the American boy is naturally chivalrous, and endeavor to better his condition will meet with such a response that the nation would stand amazed that such comparatively small effort—when the personal pleasure of both giver and receiver is considered—should have accomplished such marked results.

Those who have sons represented by stars in a service flag can readily appreciate the importance of the movement which Mr. Willys is so enthusiastically furthering. The mark has been set at some four million dollars—"three dollars for each soldier or sailor"—to establish "Khaki Clubs," swimming pools, dances, socials, auto rides for convalescents, equipment for baseball and other games.

Such a project is likely to have far-reaching effects in lifting the country out of the rut of provincialism and sectionalism; thru war necessities a greater America may be created.

The movement has had the hearty endorsement of President Wilson, who said:

"The spirit with which our soldiers leave America, and their efficiency on the battle fronts of Europe will be vitally affected by the character of the environment surrounding our military camps.

"I understand that your Association finds it necessary to raise funds to carry on your work, and I earnestly hope that you will be successful in this endeavor."



JOHN N. WILLYS
Who is enthusiastically furthering the work of the War Camp
Recreation Committee

AS director of an American Institute of Dramatic Art, David Belasco would have an honor justly conferred. He seems to belong in Washington. Other governments have thus expressed appreciation of artists who have achieved less world fame than Mr. Belasco. There is something individualistic about the man. I never saw him in ordinary or conventional circumstances. He's the one man who is always different—yet the same. In a pouring rain I tapped at the stage door of his theater in Washington, and entered like the waif in the

play. Behind the scenes, Mr. Belasco was watching the last act of "Tiger Rose." His keen eyes followed every movement; his ears caught every inflection. From his manner, it was evident that a rehearsal would be called that night. I expected to see some big scenes worked over. So did the cast, apparently.

But no, the "Tiger Rose" (Miss Ulric) and the others stood for an hour and watched a rehearsal of the thunder storm, which is one of the thrilling incidents of the play. The great drums in the ceiling and at the sides were made to sound again, and the histrionic sheet iron was galvanized into a crashing roar. That thunder storm made you shiver and shake—and marvel. Real water spoke in the rain pattering on the roof, and was carried off in a sort of sublimated eaves. There never was such a rain storm on a stage. Those big raindrops told the story—carried on the thread of the play under the magic wand of Belasco.

Pointing to the long strip of sheet iron, he remarked whimsically: "I remember when I first used that imitation thunder. Nothing yet has been found to take its place. It has been used since the days of Shakespeare. With all the other mechanical contrivances, we cannot eliminate the shaking of the sheet iron in producing thunder."

The scene was an improvised hut in the woods—a glimpse of primeval fastness—and during the storm, tin cans are blown from the roof of the hut—cans tied together that would have crazed a cougar. That one episode was rehearsed with the accompanying thunder time and time again, until the harmony pitch of the rattling cans was reached.

With his index finger aloft, in soft, modulated tone, Belasco finally said, "There, that's right."

No scolding or storming from David Belasco, even tho he was imitating a storm. The members of the cast themselves were captivated by this rehearsal of a jangle of tin cans, out of which the master created a symphony.

*Uncle Sam in Control of
American Business*

THE control of exports, imports and licensing manufacturers has more to do with the trade situation than might at first be thought. Under the vigorous management of Vance McCormick, the War Trade Board on K Street is doing great work, not only in keeping an automatic everyday inventory on our own industrial situation, but checking the supplies that

might go to the enemy countries. Across the street, William T. Harris, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, is engrossed in fixing price problems. They began long before the war, and had an effective organization ready when the demand was made upon them for information.

You can really feel a nautical air about the office of the Shipping Board on F Street, where Chairman Hurley is utilizing his experience in working out the problem of how to spend a billion dollars in a year to the best advantage on ships and a merchant marine to transport supplies overseas and be ready for the expanding commerce that is to follow after the war.

The War Industries Board, that has been called the engine which drives the machine, consists of Frank A. Scott, chairman; Bernard M. Baruch, Judge Lovett, Robert S. Brookings, Hugh Frayne, Admiral Fletcher and Colonel Pierce. These men recommend and direct the purchase of all the war supplies, not only of the United States, but of the Allies, and are the largest buyers in the world. They have utilized all the machinery of the Council of National Defense.

*America's Business
Draftees at Washington*

THE splendid example of high-salaried executives in the great commercial life of America, resigning their positions to accept a more important work at Washington, for the nominal salary of one dollar a year, or no remuneration at all, is without parallel. Not one, but one hundred, of the mightiest men of business have given freely of their services as a patriotic privilege. They like to consider themselves as "drafted for the war," as, indeed, they were by the personal appeal of the President.

Where George Washington had his Robert Morris, President Wilson can lay claim to the greatest brains of our nation, who gave up lucrative positions and social pleasures to plunge

into the work at hand. Never has there been such unity of thought, purpose and deed, and, irrespective of the war itself, the good that will accrue from this sudden welding of the great homogeneous business life of America will unquestionably bring out a nation one hundred years ahead in a single decade.

Who are these men—these "dollar-a-year" volunteers to the Council of National Defense in time of need? Much has been written and said about this Council. Indeed, it has developed into a veritable fortification—a fortification of brains.

Julius Rosenwald, head of Sears, Roebuck Company, Chicago, was one of the first men of large affairs to be called

The membership list is a veritable "Who's Who" of American business men. The day I was there I saw Evelyn Dupont Irving, great-grand-nephew of Washington Irving, filing letters. There also was Percy R. Pyne, 2d, member of nearly every club in New York City, who was found not strong enough for army service, but insisted he was physically fit for some work, so enlisted. Then there is Robert S. Brookings, chairman of the Board of Washington University, who gave the Cupples



VANCE McCORMICK, CHAIRMAN OF THE WAR TRADE BOARD

Station to the city of St. Louis. It resembles a large private business operation, but with this difference: there real work is being conducted without pay. Mr. Coffin, of New York, had his room full of aircraft experts. Some were in uniform, but, in general, the Council of National Defense is free from any outward display. It is strictly business.

As I entered his domain, Mr. Rosenwald was just closing a long and arduous day—with letters and reports before him for inspection. But as he wheeled around in his chair for a brief chat, we talked, not of business, but of the enduring love of mother as an expression of real patriotism—one country; one mother! He took from his pocket a letter which he had just received from his eighty-five-year-old mother. The tribute of that mother to her son was one of the most eloquent I ever read: "While it seems hard to have you away, my son," she wrote, "I am proud that you are working with your head and heart and hand and doing so much good in serving your country." This was the mother whom Julius Rosenwald would never go to business without dropping around to give the hearty greeting of a loving and devoted son. In this practice is glimpsed the great character and spirit of the man who is at the head of Sears, Roebuck Company of Chicago.

In an old-fashioned mansion on I Street I found Mr. Pratt, son of the Standard Oil magnate, and Mr. Hall, and other young men engaged in vital work. Here they were at a salary of one dollar per year, organizing and coming in close contact with the Department of Labor. It was the Public Service Reserve. In the old ball room, which, a few years ago, was alive with the gayety of social functions, the typewriters were clicking, and everybody was busy in this organization that means much for the future. It provided thousands of boys for work on the farms and in the fields, taking up the Boy Scouts at the age of sixteen, and providing a Labor Reserve. Over the servants' entrance at the side is a sign, which reads: "Labor Department, P. S. R."

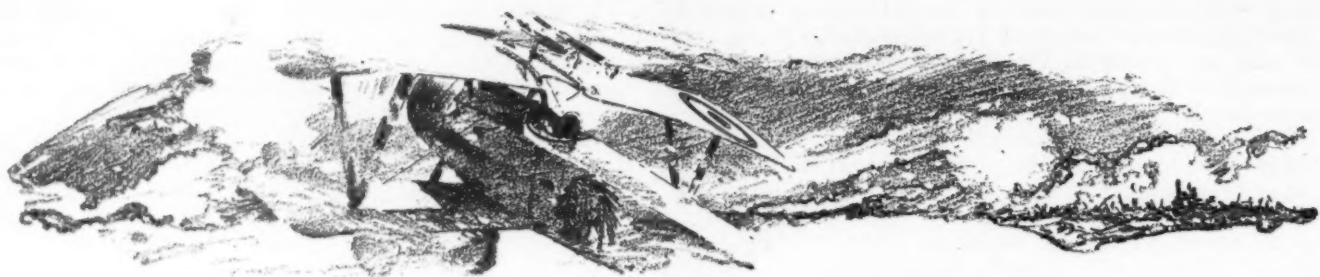
You feel instinctively the enthusiasm of this department, that shows it is a labor of love. It seemed to snap and thoroly systematized—each state is organized, showing just what labor is in reserve, in fact, it might be called Uncle Sam's employment office. Uniforms and medals are provided, which give everyone enlisted in this Reserve (Continued on page 41)



JULIUS ROSENWALD

Who cannot be called a "dollar-a-year" man as he receives no pay. The present Advisory Commission is the only one ever authorized by Congress to serve without pay

to Washington to confer with governmental heads. At that time it was not generally anticipated that the Council would so soon assume its present proportions. Mr. Martin, of the Larkin Company, is hard at work in Washington five days a week, and commutes to Buffalo every Friday night.



American Fliers in Aerial Battle

Letters from an American Aviator Flying in France

THIS morning dawned bright and clear, the first decent day to fly in a week. Three of us started out at 3.30, made a little trip over old Belgium, did our work, caught a glimpse of Holland thru the clouds, and got back home at 5.30, with a good appetite for breakfast. This the first long trip I've been on since being on the coast, the weather being continually bad, which is not uncommon for this part of the country.

Day before yesterday it was raining quite steadily, so the captain took six of us over to the town of Furnes in Belgium to see if any cheap cigarettes could be picked up. There is no tax on tobacco in that country, and we were able to buy carloads for about eighteen cents per one hundred. Later our car was in front of a big store when who should come by but King Albert. He evidently noticed the Indian heads on our machine, for he stopped and asked the captain if we were from the Lafayette Escadrille. The captain said "Yes," and a pleasant conversation followed between everybody. The King really seemed to be a pretty good sport; he noticed one of our boys who was wearing four or five medals on his uniform and remarked, "You have quite a collection of medals just from this war, but I do not see the one from Belgium." He replied: "No, sir, that is one which I've not received yet," and the King said, "Don't worry, I'll fix it." Guess he must have encountered a few Americans before, to know how to use that expression. The poor king has very little country to bother his head about, just at present, and a goodly portion of what he does hold is now flooded, but every once in a while the line is pushed a few miles further east, thereby giving him more and more land, which is nothing more than an expanse of shell holes. From above, this reconquered territory looks like a comb of honey.

The food question never seems to bother except when I reach Paris. Out here we have more than enough, with the best of cooks to prepare it, also get lots of sea food, no end of shrimps, crabs, fresh sardines, flounders, and eels; certainly will be sorry when moving day comes 'round.

Imagine that sleeveless sweaters are for sailors; I know that aviators don't wear them. The government furnishes us with a dandy fur-lined combination, a big fur coat and fur-lined boots for winter. The only parts they don't take care of are the hands, but I can best get gloves in Paris. Our new machines are very warm. For early morning sorties, the handiest way is to just slip on the combination over the pajamas, jump into the fur boots and go. Then you're all ready for bed again when you get back. I hate to think what would happen if it was necessary to come down in a strange place in this

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Just prior to our going to press, this dispatch was received from France. It is doubly interesting because of the following letters written by Sergeant Peterson:

"Paris, October 31.—Nine fights in the course of a two-hours' patrol flight is the record established by Sergeant David McKay Peterson, of the Lafayette Flying Squadron. Sergeant Peterson, whose home is in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, drove one of his adversaries to earth, followed him down, and continued to fire as long as the German remained in sight."

attire. One night while near Soissons I was routed out to chase away a few Boche who had gotten over the lines and were headed for Paris. Just jumped out of bed into my machine and was off; not the least bit cold, tho I went to about twenty thousand feet, stayed over Paris for some time, but saw nothing, and just got back home with about a pint of gasoline left. That is the nearest I come to making a landing, ready to go to bed. Ordinarily on a regular patrol you know just how much time to

allow to get home, because the country is familiar.

Expect every day to hear some news about our transfer to the American army, but it is a long time coming. Yesterday I went to a depot near Havre to get a new machine. On the way in saw a couple regiments of engineers who had just come over from the States. They were an excellent looking bunch of men and received endless cheers from the people. Have not yet heard of any American troops being sent to the front line trenches, but imagine they will be sent before very long.

WE have moved again, and on short notice this time. Friday evening at 5.30 orders came to clear out by 6 P.M. We all got away from Dunkirk about 6.05 and landed just outside this town at 7.35 P.M., just in time for dinner, and we sure enjoyed it after the one-hundred-and-sixty-mile jaunt thru the evening twilight. Did not have a bit of trouble on the trip. Did not make such very good time because there was a nasty head wind blowing.

Yesterday, Saturday, we just took life easy and loafed, while our machines were being cleaned up. This afternoon we will set out for our final destination, which is about one hundred and eighty miles further to the southeast. At present there is a very favorable wind. If it holds, the journey over the last lap will not be at all disagreeable and will probably take an hour and a half at the most.

Was very sorry to leave Dunkirk because the work was so interesting. There was a great deal of activity both in the air and on the ground all along the Flanders region. Received a note from — just before leaving there, and she said that in London they could hear the boom and roar of the big guns in preparation for the attack, and London is two hundred miles from there. Imagine, then, how it was for us, who were only twenty or thirty miles away, and then for the boys in the trenches, who were right there in the thickest part of the fighting.

Suppose that by this time a few of the boys have been drafted into the army and are already working a few sores on shoulders and feet. A few days before leaving Dunkirk I was in Havre and saw a couple of regiments of the United States engineers who

had just landed there. They were a fine-looking bunch of boys and received no end of cheers from the people, who were lined along the street to greet them.

LAST Friday evening we left Dunkirk for a new camp between Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The first stop was near Soissons, where we were a month ago, as I wrote C— from Vitters Cotterets, a few days ago. We stopped in that town for a few days so that our baggage could catch up. We left there Monday morning at 10.05 and arrived at our new place at 11.15, going by way of Epernay, Chalons, Ste. Menehould, and then due south to the new field, which is alongside a big forest.

The field is fine for landing, but the country and people around here are terrible. This little tract of France is known as the Meuse district and is noted for its dirty towns, inhospitable people and uncertain crops. It's either so wet the crops rot or so dry they won't grow. But there's hopes that we won't be here long. We are living in tents which are pitched on a side hill, and it was necessary to ply a little shovel before my bed would set level. Tell M—that aviators chew tobacco so that they can block up the holes shot in the gasoline tank after a Boche has been on your trail with a few rounds of machine gun bullets.

Lots of hunting around here; last night we had partridges and rabbit for dinner and for luncheon today enjoyed a fine wild boar, roasted. There are several lakes nearby, but we have not caught any fish nor gone in bathing; the bottom seems to be rather muddy and sticky.

The weather has been so bad lately that there has been no flying, but hope to get out in a few days.

THE sky war still goes on. We are now camped about ten miles from the nearest point of the lines, which means that the heavy bombardment, going on continuously, is always audible. Don't mind it much during the day, only at night it is rather disconcerting when one wishes to sleep.

When there is a low fringe of clouds at night, the flashes of the big guns make a very pretty sight as the flare plays up and down along the horizon, almost like lightning.

Have almost been tempted to take up observation balloon work because lately I've seen some very interesting happenings in that trade. These big balloons are let up four or five miles behind the lines, to whatever height is necessary to observe the shelling of the guns which they direct. In each balloon are two observers, provided with parachutes to use in time of necessity for a quick descent. It seems that the Boche have

perfected a special gun for bringing down these balloons—so far it has been quite ineffective. The other day I was cruising along behind the lines, and just in front of the line of balloons, all of a sudden, two balls of smoke showed up, near one of the balloons, which was nearer the lines than its neighbors. For a moment I was lost as to an explanation of the smoke, when suddenly the two occupants of the underslung basket jumped to the rail and then into space, their parachutes immediately opened, and they floated down, looking like two immense mushrooms.

All this happened about seven thousand feet above the earth.

As far as work goes, I like this new sector much better than the one at Dunkirk. The Boche do not travel in very large patrols, and one can mix it up frequently without being afraid of having Lord Von Beaustalk's flying circus or the Tango kids dropping on his neck from above. Those were two groups of Boche with whom we had many pleasant encounters when we were along the seacoast.

Until yesterday the weather has been quite bad, it being necessary to snatch a sortie in between two storms. Yesterday and today have been fine, however. Was able to make four sorties of two and one-half hours each yesterday and have made five of same length today. Most of these sorties were patrol work around eighteen thousand feet, a few were trips over the lines to take some photos and others as protection to daylight bombing parties. Don't like to take pictures and protect other machines as well as the regular patrol, because the flying itinerary is too restricted; but it's all fun, more or less.

YESTERDAY was a big day for us all. The French started a big attack around Verdun early in the morning, and as the weather was very favorable, aviation had quite a finger in the pie. Conditions for us were much better than during the attack, which we took part in while at Dunkirk. Early this morning we started out to help in what is called "Contact Patrol," and it is quite delicate as well as grim work. If it is bad for the

infantry man to have to "push" on the ground below, imagine what it is for those who have to fly just above it all, and who are accredited to have so large a share in the responsibility for the success of a push.

After the attack starts and the infantry is pushing towards Berlin, it is necessary for the planes to follow the advance so as to direct the artillery on the enemy as they retreat and to aid in preventing a serious counter attack. Gaining new ground, as the first part of an attack is the easiest part of the game; where the work comes is to push the enemy out of the last few



EAGLES

by Bennett Chapple

THOU Eagle, emblem of our Nation's life,
We chose thee as the symbol of the free;
We knew not when the day of war and strife
Would send thee in the air for mastery.

The Eagles!—see our birdmen take the wing,
Each keen of eye, determined, unafraid!
With whir and dip, and shooting as they swing,
They give and take in death, yet undismayed.

From eyries, grim and bleak, the war-birds fly;
Their talons now must serve the world in need.
Aloft, amid the dark and war-smoked sky,
They keep the heights from Prussian vultures freed.

kilometers of the desired objective and to hold the ground gained against the fierce counter attacks which follow. The first part of the objective is quite easy to take because everything has been smashed to pieces by the artillery during the bombardment preceding the attack. The farther the advance, the more difficult the progress, the artillery has done less effective work and the infantry stumble across nests of machine guns which have been missed in the heavy shelling. Our object is to protect the larger machines just below, who direct the artillery fire, and generally keep in touch with the advancing infantry. This work is done just a few hundred feet above the ground and quite frequently our hands are full in keeping the Boche machines from driving down those of ours who direct the fire.

In the confusion and churn of the fight, when the "strife" is increased ten to fifty times normal, and when the earth below is just spouting as if the end of the world has come, then is when the men in "contact patrol" have to keep a calm eye on all that happens.

There can be no rehearsals to depict for certain how the battle will finally come out; sometimes just a few machine guns, which have remained skillfully concealed during the preliminary bombardment, or a few dugouts full of Boches hurling bombs, who have escaped general obliteration, will hold up the line at a point; or dangerous salients may be growing. The contact patrol pilot must see all this and report it to the ground below.

Sometimes a part of the troops at the head of the push get mixed up in the fire of their own guns and are in danger of being cut off or caught by it, or they may reach their objective ahead of the rest; then the pilot must watch for their signals and report to the ground behind.

While all this is going on, the shells are whistling past all around; flying perhaps at five hundred feet there is as much danger from your own shells as from the enemy's. When a fifteen-inch shell encounters a machine, there are enough tooth-picks to do an army corps for a month. For this reason there is a question as to the safest height at which to fly. Sometimes I find it better to be a little in front and drop down to a hundred feet from the ground—point-blank for a rifle bullet, but a mighty difficult target. In this position you can also turn your machine gun on the rear lines of the enemy and get a little amusement out of seeing them scatter.

In addition to all this there is the general discomfort of flying so low. Near the ground there is no room for maneuvering when a tight place comes. A few hundred feet are nothing when in the air; you slide up and down then as a matter of course when there is room. At home acrobacy is never done under one thousand feet, but in contact patrol the pilot must dodge around with no elbow room at all. On other work the men have all their height until perhaps at the last moment, and in this game nothing is more precious than height, but on contact patrol you are even deprived of that.

Our little sector is only about fifteen miles long; however, what it lacks in size it makes up in activity. All of us have had more combats during our stay here than in any other part of the lines. So far no one has been hurt and the worst of the drill is over. Four or five machines have been well punctured; one of our men was cut slightly in the cheek from the glass flying from his wind shield when a bullet went thru it.

LAST night I accompanied a bombing expedition. Four of us had a mix-up with five Boche about ten miles in Germany. One bullet knocked my propeller to pieces and another put the magneto out of commission. The scrap took place at eighteen thousand feet; there was a strong wind coming out of Germany, and I landed safely well within our lines. The fellows who stayed up finally managed to drop two of the Boche machines. Regret that I could not get in on the final division, for the spoils are divided equally among the victors; if three men bring down two Boche, each one is credited with two-thirds of a Boche.

Our cook is gradually going daffy; he was in the infantry for two years, so has a good excuse for his actions. Things were so active during the past few days that there was no time to enjoy the nearby woods. This afternoon some of the boys went hunting and brought back an excellent wild boar, some quail, and a basket of mushrooms, so tomorrow there will be a feast.

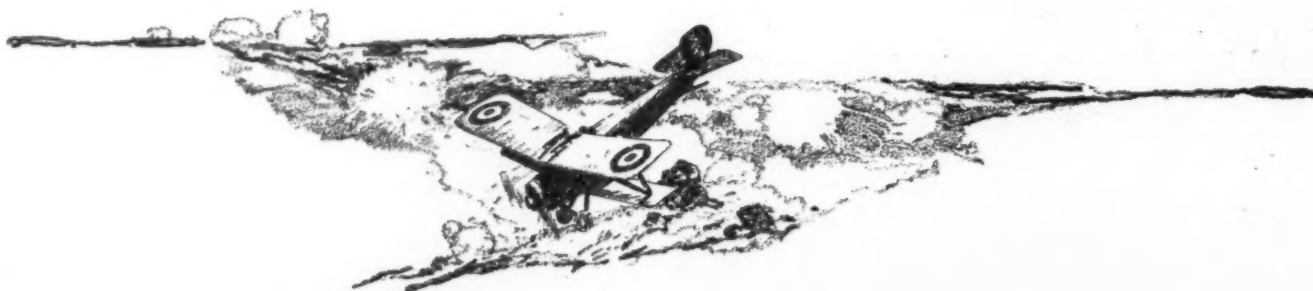
THE hottest part of the scrap at Verdun is over and I've come to Paris for a few days' rest. A mighty fine, agreeable permission, too, because I have to lay up for repairs of a minor nature. I am apparently O.K. now and the next thing is to visit the dentist. Four wisdom teeth are misbehaving, but the dentist says he can fix them. After that is done will have to go back to work. I went to American doctors because I've had enough of those who care for the French army. They just about kill you and don't do much good.

A commission in the United States Army is looking rather dubious when the physical examination looms up. They require perfect eyesight and put one thru a lot of fool balance tests. The three best French aviators who have been flying since the war began took these tests not long ago and missed by a mile; they all say the Americans are crazy. However, when the time comes, I'll take them and do my best, because I sure would like to get that commission.

The day before I left the front the summary of the work during the attack of my group came in and showed that we had been responsible for a front only two miles long. During the three days that the attack lasted the group had brought down twenty-one Boche and one balloon, and we had lost three and one balloon. Two of our men were taken prisoners, the other unfortunately was brought down in flames. Those were the hottest days I've ever seen, and even now occasionally imagine I can hear the bullets snapping by my ears like firecrackers.

The last day wasn't so bad, but the Archies were on the job full force and keep us guessing. It really is quite exciting to dodge Archie, and at times have to use all the tricks in the category. Under ordinary circumstances they can pick your height to a few feet and let you know they know it by dropping a few four-inch shrapnel rather close. No matter whether you cross the lines at five thousand feet, ten thousand feet, or twenty thousand feet, so sure as you get in range there are the four or six slowly expanding balls of smoke not far away. Tho their chief object is barrage and annoyance, Hun Archies have been known to score a hit at twenty-two thousand feet.

The man behind the gun judges your height by the apparent size of your wings as you fly above. They are well acquainted with all our machines as to size, speed, etc., and get plenty of practice. No wonder the Boche "Archie" (Continued on page 40)



Across Europe in War Times

by

THOMAS W. PELHAM

EXCEPT for the red flag of the Revolution which was everywhere visible on my trip thru Siberia, no evidence could be seen of the Revolution that had taken place a month before. Men, women and children at the railroad stations; the officers and soldiers there, and the people waiting for trains were as quiet, orderly and unconcerned as tho they were living under a government that had existed for years.

There were evidences of congested freight traffic and confusion incident thereto, but I learned that since the Revolution better conditions obtained with respect to movement of goods; in fact, while in Dairen I learned that some thousands of cars of freight had been moved within the past week.

One cannot travel in Russia, as I did two years ago, nor pass thru Siberia and parts of Russia, as I did in April and May, without feeling as well as seeing the great future possibilities—industrial, agricultural, mining, commercial, etc. Its undeveloped wealth is perhaps greater than that of any other country in the world. Within a generation or two Russia will doubtless be one of the greatest nations on earth.

After nine days on the train from Harbin I reached Petrograd about ten o'clock Sunday morning. In proceeding from the station to my hotel I noticed an absence of police, and I found later that immediately following the Revolution all the police of Petrograd were either imprisoned for offences or were sent to the front, and that no police protection is given the city except a few private watchmen hired by owners of buildings, tenants in apartment houses, etc.

You will, no doubt, be interested in the political and economic conditions. The political revolution is over. The Romanoffs will never again sit upon the throne of Russia, nor will any monarchy be established there. A republic and democratic form of government is what Russia wants, and what she will eventually have. A great disturbing feature at the moment is the social revolution that naturally followed the political revolution.

The Russian population is largely composed of peasant farmers and workmen. The peasant farmers live in villages and they go out from the villages each day to work the land which is owned by the nobility and other rich people. The wages paid to the peasant farmer were only sufficient to enable him to buy coarse food and the necessary clothing to keep him warm. His bed was a pile of straw in the corner of the room. Such conditions have prevailed for centuries. The workman is also paid a very low wage, and in many instances two, three, and even four families live in one room owned by the factory. The wage paid was only sufficient to enable them to live in this primitive, unsanitary condition.

With the Revolution and the word "freedom," the workman and the peasant farmer expected immediate betterment of their

condition. The peasant farmer is demanding a division of the land, and the workman is demanding a better house, higher wage and better living conditions.

The present Duma is composed for the most part of able, representative men. The Ministry is composed entirely of honest, efficient, patriotic men. The Duma and Ministry recognize the justice of the demands of the workmen and the peasant farmer and will, in an orderly way, remedy these conditions.

The social problem will take years to work out, whereas the workman and peasant farmers are demanding that the problem be worked out immediately. A committee of the workmen, as well as a committee of the army, is working with the Duma and with the Ministers upon these problems, and the general impression seemed to prevail in Petrograd that the workmen and farmers could be held in check until the different problems were worked out. In the meantime, the army is somewhat demoralized, partly because the ignorant peasants of whom the army is largely composed, thought freedom meant that they could do as they pleased, and partly because as a natural result of the Revolution the general staff and the officers in command of the army are a little uncertain as to their authority and also uncertain as to how far the soldiers can be depended upon to obey their officers.

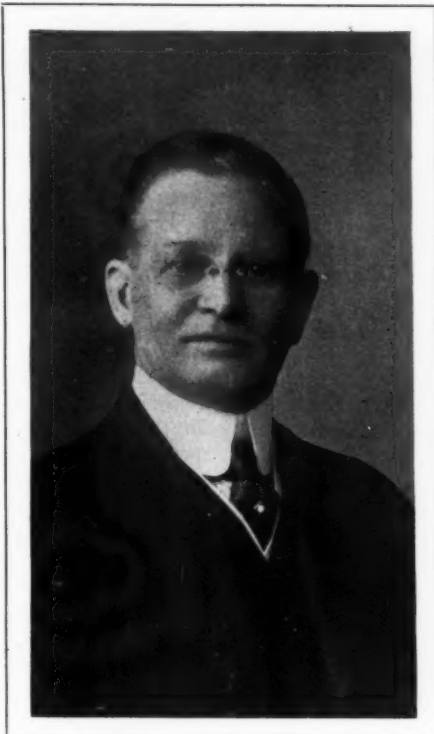
The army seems to have plenty of ammunition as well as artillery and small arms and could, if strongly organized, conduct a successful offensive, but in view of existing conditions it is doubtless if the Russian army will be very active this year. The general opinion seems to prevail that the Russian army will hold its present lines and will show sufficient activity to keep a large number of the German and Austrian armies at the eastern front, but that next year the Russian army will conduct a very

strong offensive campaign. I am convinced from what I have observed that Russia will not conclude a separate peace.

The crying need in Russia is organization. She needs Americans and Englishmen to organize her industries, particularly her railroads, manufacturing, coal mining, oil and her various other industries. With proper organization, Russia, in spite of the illiteracy of her people, will make tremendous strides, and very quickly.

National pride seems to be somewhat lacking in Russia. Very few of the people seem to care whether the Baltic Provinces are German or Russian; the same with respect to Poland or any other part of Russia. They are somewhat lacking in patriotism, but the soldiers when officered and under proper discipline, give a good account of themselves, regardless of their lack of patriotism. Many million soldiers are under arms in Russia.

In talking with banks and various business men, I find the opinion unanimous that Russia will meet all of her financial



THOMAS W. PELHAM

Who represents one of America's largest industries, has just returned from a sales journey around the world in war times. Mr. Pelham was in Russia immediately after the revolution, saw first-hand the results of the overthrow of autocracy, and his keen reasoning and adequate interpretation of the Russian attitude, as well as the attitude of the various other nations through which he passed, furnishes a most enlightening and comprehensive survey of the situation

obligations and that she will emerge eventually from her present condition a big, strong, healthy nation.

Harbin is about one thousand miles from Vladivostok. A single line of road runs from Vladivostok almost in a straight line and largely thru Chinese territory to Harbin. Another line runs from Vladivostok, following closely the Russian frontier line and joining the first line of road at Harbin; therefore, it may be said that Russia has a double track from Vladivostok to Harbin. Harbin is a very important center for Russian and northern Manchuria, having thirty thousand or forty thousand white people.

Over the Siberian Railroad the Russians run a weekly express train, making the trip from Vladivostok to Petrograd in ten days. In addition to the weekly train, the railroad operates a daily post train, carrying first and second-class passengers. They also operate two or three daily local trains.

The railroad question is one of the greater problems confronting Russia at present.

One of the most remarkable scenes I ever witnessed in my life was Labor Day in Petrograd. On Labor Day no food was served in the hotel; the chamber maid would not make the bed; the elevator boy would not run the elevator, nor the porter carry your bag. One clerk remained in the office, and with that exception, all the hotel help was on the street taking part in the labor demonstration. The same was true of every other hotel and of every factory and store. No street cars were running, nor carriages, nor automobiles. A crowd, estimated at one million people, took part in the Labor Day parade. I witnessed the parade from the street and I saw in line children from five years of age up, workmen from the factories and other industries, women and girls, black men from Turkistan, Tartars from the Caucasus, Kurds from the Trans-Caucasus, Mongolians, Manchurians, Laplanders, and people from every part of Russia. Some soldiers were in the procession, business men and all classes and conditions of people. All wore the red badge of the Revolution, and each separate crowd carried a banner. The children, for instance, were singing "We Want Free Schools"; the workmen, "We Want Better Wages and Better Living Conditions"; the peasant farmers, "We Want the Land." Other banners were: "No Peace Until Victory." No policemen or traffic officers or anyone in authority were on the street to preserve order, yet the day passed without the slightest accident of any kind. There was no crowding and no apparent confusion; everyone seemed to do his part towards preserving order, making the day a great success. There was not a drunken man to be seen anywhere; in fact, no drink is obtainable in Russia.

At night political rallies were held on every street corner. People were permitted to speak freely on any subject and say anything they pleased in defence of or in condemnation of the government; in fact, free speech is allowed in Russia to a greater extent than it is in this country. I was on the street in the evening and it was but a repetition of the day with respect to order being preserved.

Food in Petrograd is not plentiful, and some kinds of food are unobtainable. People stand in line to obtain bread, denatured alcohol, meat, shoes, and in fact every article which they consume or wear; yet all of this is done without any central authority. The people are very patient under these severe privations, much more patient than our American people would be, and far more orderly.

The food problem is not so much a lack of food in the entire country as it is the proper transportation of food to the large centers.

Some social Democrats in Russia, led by Linine, sent in by Germany, have attempted a propaganda aimed at the overthrow of the provisional government; in fact, approaching anarchy. No attempt is made to stop such demonstrations, but such social Democrats have made little headway; in fact, it is believed that they have lost ground; at any rate, they are in a hopeless minority.

In some instances workmen have demanded the discharge

of superintendents and foremen in factories, and in a few instances they have practically taken possession of property, but in no case have they damaged private property, nor attempted to deprive the owners of their financial rights. Even where they have taken possession of the factory the workmen have continued the operation of the business under their own leaders. The physical damage done to property during the revolution in Petrograd was not very great. Many of the police stations were burned, that is, the wood-work was burned, but the walls and roof were intact. The same is true of the halls of the Palace of Justice and the jails. Hotel Astoria had the windows in the lower floor destroyed. The palaces of the Dowager Empress received bullets from machine guns which were imbedded in the brick, and some windows were destroyed. The number of people killed in Petrograd during the revolution was less than one thousand.

I left Petrograd on May 4th. Certain formalities must be gone thru with by all travelers, in the way of vizing of passports by the Russians and the English and French, etc. These are mere formalities, as is the examination of your baggage and papers. I had no difficulty whatever in leaving or in passing over the border at Tornea into Sweden, altho some of my fellow-passengers with German names were less fortunate.

At Tornea you cross the large river on the ice to the Island of Tornea, where you pass the civil and military examinations; then cross the small river on the ice to Haparanda, Sweden. The ice crossing is rather dangerous; in fact, the ice in the river broke the next day. I was extremely fortunate in escaping a mishap.

The economic conditions in the Scandinavian countries is somewhat deplorable. Heretofore, they sold foodstuffs to Germany and now they find themselves without foodstuffs for their own people. Practically all foods are under government regulation and nearly all can be obtained only with tickets. Pleasure automobiles are practically prohibited. Gasoline and tires for automobiles are unobtainable at any price. Coal is sixty-five dollars per ton. Coffee, sugar, potatoes and many other articles are unobtainable at any price in Sweden. Unless some relief is found, the Scandinavian countries will suffer from cold and hunger before Christmas. There is plenty of money in the country, an abundance of money, in fact. The Scandinavian people are very prosperous, but they cannot eat money nor use it for fuel.

In talking with Americans who had just come out of Germany, business men, war correspondents and others, I find that food conditions are not as serious as was thought. Germany is practically self-contained. If her harvest this year is normal, she will not be starved into submission; in fact, Germany is so strongly organized that I firmly believe that this government will be required to send millions of men to France before the war is over. The only possibility of an early ending of the war is that a revolution may break out in Germany; and there is but little likelihood of such an occurrence.

Part of my intended trip was to cross the North Sea to England, then to France and Italy, returning from Bordeaux to the States. One way of crossing the North Sea was by a Norwegian tramp steamer, going as a seaman, and as only one out of two of the Norwegian steamers reach port, such a trip did not appeal to me. Another way was on an English cargo steamer which has accommodations for a few passengers, but as two out of six English cargo steamers between Norway and England are torpedoed, and as one went down two days before I left, with twenty-eight passengers, not one of whom were saved, I decided not to go across the North Sea, but to return direct to the States.

I left Christiania May 30 on the steamship Bergensfjord. The steamer proceeded along the coast of Norway to a point just south of the Arctic circle, thence west, south of Iceland, then in a straight line to Halifax. We were held at Halifax two days, and reached New York Tuesday, June 12, winding up one of the most eventful trips every taken by a business man in war times.

The Story Without a Name

by

WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS



ULLIE gee, Mayme, lamp the Chauncey!"

Mayme, thus admonished, shifted her chewing gum and "lamped" the new arrival. She was not alone in the "lamping" process. The entire factory had stopped working and was watching the man's triumphant progress from the elevator to the office.

"Pipe the walk!" one of the girls giggled. A general laugh followed. It could not be said the man walked, for his progress down the aisle was a cross between the hop of a kangaroo and the mincing step of a tightly hobble-skirted actress.

Perhaps a word of description would be appropriate here. The man, who had thus disturbed the humming serenity of Taradash's shirt factory, was about five feet, ten inches tall. His neat, slender figure was gracefully covered by the latest of tweed walking suits. A pair of russet Oxfords encased his feet, and between their tops and the bottoms of his turned-up trousers several inches of lavender-colored silk hose were displayed. Tho his hands were covered by a pair of tan gloves, the tips of a second pair protruded from his upper left-hand coat pocket. A jaunty cane swung from his right elbow, while a wrist watch now and then peeped from the concealment of his right coat sleeve. From the under side of the sleeve also protruded the tip ends of a dainty handkerchief. In his carmine tie he wore a large horseshoe pin set with brilliants. A natty fedora-shaped panama, beneath which protruded two well-brushed curls, completed his toilet. His face, tho pleasant-looking, was insipid. Not until he had passed within the protecting embrace of the office did the factory resume its wonted activity.

When the noon bell rang, Mayme and her chum hurried to the cloak room, where they powdered their noses in lieu of washing, and, grabbing their lunch baskets, left the building. They were met on the sidewalk by Dennis McCarthy, the factory's big, jovial shipping clerk. The trio raced for a nearby lumber pile, shaded by two large maples, and clambering up on top of it, spread out their lunches.

"Oh, Dinny," Mayme cried, pausing in the act of dissecting a huge Dill pickle, "did you see what blowed thru the factory this morning?"

"Sure an' I did that," the Irishman replied, a merry twinkle lighting up his blue eyes. "It's th' new book-kaper."

"What?" the girls cried in unison. "That mollocoddle?"

"Mollocoddle, is it?" Dinny laughed. "Sure, an' I don't know. But he has a funny handle to his name, all right, all right. Here's his moniker, which he gave me his blissed self, a few minutes ago."

Mayme took the card he handed her and read aloud, "J. Algernon Smythe."

"Not Smith," Dennis interrupted, gravely, "but Smythe. 'Pronounced with a long 'i,' don't yuh know, old fellah,'" he mimicked, to the girls' uproarious delight.

"Well," Mayme replied, "that's too hard for any working girl to pronounce, so we'll change it to Molly for short. And thus it was that the new bookkeeper received his nickname."

For a month thereafter Smythe was the delight of the factory. The girls found unbounded pleasure in imitating his walk and in mimicking his lisp and other mannerisms. Then the delight changed to weariness, for the man became a "kill-joy."

He refused to participate in the sports of the men, characterizing them as rough and ungentelemanly. In return, the men openly showed their contempt for him by calling him "Molly" to his face. At first he resented the name, but finding his resentment only added oil to the blaze, he ignored it.

Of the dozen men employed at the factory, McCarthy was the most venomous in his attitude. Possibly because he, himself, was altogether masculine and delighted in hardy outdoor exercise, but probably because the mollocoddle showed a particular preference for the society of Mayme.

At first Mayme delighted in the attention Smythe bestowed on her, because of the novelty. Then she encouraged him to make McCarthy jealous. Finally she enjoyed his company because of the deferential courtesousness he always showed her.

In some ways, however, she found the man an irritation. Smythe deplored the use of slang and endeavored to induce her to stop using it. Mayme misunderstood his motives, believing they were prompted, not by a desire on his part to elevate her, but because he did not think she was good enough for him.

"If I ain't good enough to associate with him as I am," she confided one day to her chum, "I never will be. I guess a sixty-dollar-a-month pen-pusher ain't so much, anyhow."

Tho in public she openly derided Smythe's attempts to improve her language, in secret she tried to improve.

One day, at a picnic, she found his well-meant criticisms too irksome, and she flared at him:

"Oh, can that paper-bound chatter, Molly, and spiel plain United States, so I can see where you're headin'. That dictionary lingo makes my head ache."

McCarthy, who happened to be present, laughed. Smythe colored, then without a word, bowed and left her. Altho he had the pleasure of escorting her home, McCarthy did not find her a pleasant companion that night. The next day the mollocoddle apologized, but Mayme openly snubbed him. Hurt by her snub, Smythe left her alone. Then, woman-like, she turned to McCarthy for solace and found it.

From that time on, the mollocoddle's position was an unpleasant one. Insulted by the men, and either ignored or snubbed by the girls, he went his solitary way. They even desisted from calling him mollocoddle. The use of the nickname denoted a certain intimacy, and he was no longer within the pale of their lives. As a creature outside, viewed thru the lens of prejudice, he existed only as their employer's bookkeeper.

Smythe never rebelled at his ostracism, but quietly pursued the even routine of the office. Thus passed three months of his bondage.

During this time the man's attention to Mayme never ceased. He met her rebuffs with patience and repaid her scorn with kindness. In many ways he made her work easier for her, and, tho the girl openly resented this attention, she cried over his kindness in the secrecy of her chamber.

* * *

One night, after work, Smythe requested Mayme to let him take her home. The girl laughed scornfully and replied, "I suppose I can't stop you if you're bound to go along."

It was a beautiful night. The great trees that lined the sidewalks, drowsed in the twilight, huge guardian sentries of numerous lover's lanes. The new moon, yet in its infancy, cast a pale light thru the branches and formed ghostly figures on the walls that lined the way. The two walked silently along, turning out unconsciously to let the laughing couples they encountered pass by. The beauty of the evening softened the girl; she relented slightly and timidly opened the conversation.

"Such a night," she murmured, "makes me glad to be alive."

"Yes," Smythe replied softly, "it does. Oh, Mayme, I wish every night could be like this for you—a night of happiness."

His tone thrilled the girl, and she walked a little closer to the man. Her juxtaposition acted like a tonic upon his hopes, and he blurted out:

"Listen, girl! I hate to see you working, slaving your days away to get a paltry living. It's hard—especially for you. I want to help you get away from it, help you to get a little home, have it easier. I know you don't like me, think I'm no good, but I can make you think differently. I haven't much to offer you save love and a willingness to serve. I want the right to give you that, to shield you from the harsh places, bring a little happiness into your life. I can't help it that I'm different—a mollicoddle as they call it—it's the product of my naturalness. After all, I do not believe that I'm any different down underneath than anyone else. I feel the same, have the same aspirations, the same dreams, the same love. I know what I am. My greatest fault, I guess, is my pride. It will not allow me to defend myself—show what I am. I know. I was hoping that you could also see. I won't always be a bookkeeper on a bookkeeper's salary. I'll get ahead. Maybe I'm asking too much of you, but I know this. No one could love one more than I love you." His voice grew husky. "Mayme," he pleaded, "won't you marry me, give me the right to look after you for the rest of your life?"

A strange gleam shone in the girl's eyes—the startled gleam of awakened womanhood—the old gleam of hope, dismay, gratitude, that comes to every woman when she hears from the lips of some man the old, old story that he

"No!" she screamed. "No! If you were the last man alive, I'd not marry you, you mollicoddle!" Before the man could reply she ran up the steps and into the house

loll'd lazily on the front step, and in the window a canary sang cheerily. A wide gate served as the entrance to her dream house, and a woman neatly dressed in a cosy house gown, stood by it, watching down the street. (The woman was herself). A man appeared in the distance, saw the woman, and hastened his steps. He reached the gate and she flew into his arms. A warm flush, the product of her dreams, mantled Mayme's face, and she held out her hands. Smythe reached for them, and then—the vision vanished, the old spirit returned, and she flared up angrily.

"What, you! Me marry you? I guess not. Do you think I'd marry a softy? I want a man!" The man drew back as if she had struck him, but he added, patiently:

"I'm not asking for an answer now. Think it over. I'm not all bad. I know I'm a softy—it's my weakness—but perhaps I'd change if I had something to protect—that I loved," he added softly.

"No!" she screamed. "No! If you were the last man alive, I'd not marry you, you mollicoddle!"

Before the man could reply, she ran up the steps and into the house. Once inside, she hurried to her room and locked the door, refusing to see even her mother. Nor did she leave the room until it was time to go to work the next morning.

This particular day was the same as all others to the factory workers except that it was oppressively humid—one of those days when the very temperature seemed to be leagued against the comfort of everyone. As a result, the temper of all was on edge and irritation was general. Suddenly the breaking point came. A thin, blue wisp of smoke crept out from under a cloak room door, and was quickly followed by a darting tongue of flame. A girl sitting near the door hysterically yelled "Fire!" and the factory was in an uproar. To the din within was added the rattle and clang of the approaching fire engines.

II

The Taradash shirt factory covered the entire top floor of a four-story loft building. The factory was divided into two rooms; the cutting and shipping departments occupied one, and the machines and office the other. A large fire-door separated the two departments, but this door was left open during the working hours.

In the northeast corner of the cutting room were the stairs, and directly across from them was the freight elevator. The passenger elevator was in the northwest corner of the work-room, just south of the wall dividing the two departments. The building was an old one, containing no fire-escapes, and, altho plentifully supplied with windows, they were all barred, save one in the center of the west wall of the work room. The lofts below the shirt factory were used as a cabinet shop, shoe shop, and stores, respectively.

The fire originated on the ground floor, but soon reached the cabinet shop, where it fed on the inflammable material, and passed beyond control. When it was discovered by those in the shirt factory, the stairway and freight elevator were a mass of roaring flames. This left but one exit, the passenger elevator.

To the crowd of machine operators jammed in front of this elevator were now added the employes of the cutting and shipping departments. The smoke was pouring into the room in great black volumes, but a temporary respite was obtained by closing the fire doors between the two rooms.

Altho the floor below was a whirlpool of fire, the elevator continued running until all but twenty-four of the girls and five men were carried to safety. Then the third floor caved in and further ascent was impossible.

Smythe, up till this time, had remained

loves her. Mayme was no different from her sisters. She saw, pictured in the trees, a little cottage fringed with shrubs, and gleaming like a tiny jewel on its green background of lawn. A dog



quietly in the office at work, stowing into a large suit case the most valuable papers and books. He stepped out of the office just as the elevator stopped running. At first he did not believe they were trapped. Running to the elevator shaft, which had no door, but simply a bar to keep anyone from walking into the shaft, he looked over. There was no doubt now of their position. They were cut off from below.

Those left in the loft were panic-stricken. Girls, screaming in terror, ran helplessly about the room. Even the men lost their nerve. It was one thing to face death calmly, while there was hope; but it was altogether another thing to watch it come stalking slowly, but surely, toward them and know they were powerless to check its advance. And such a death!

Before their mind's eye loomed all they had heard or read of great fires, the finding afterwards of charred bodies, too disfigured to be identified.

The trapped shirt-makers went mad—mad with fear of death, and their powerlessness to avert it. Some swore, others prayed, many wept. Hysteria predominated. Sex was forgotten. In their common danger they stood together a neutral sex, trapped animals.

Raging, cursing, uttering pitiful calls for help, they ran about the factory, tearing their hair and striking themselves in the face. It was fear personified. McCarthy lost his head, and in his

other and wept. Some of them prayed. All of them had but one thought—they were about to die and they were afraid. Afraid, because they were not prepared. The screams died out. Terror became apathetic. There was no hope. Hopelessly and helplessly the two score girls and five men awaited the end. One girl held a long cutting knife, ready to plunge it into her breast when death became inevitable. Smythe, realizing that they were cut off, seated himself on his suit case and remained there, a quiet, watchful observer of the scene.

The hole above the door was now a seething caldron of flame. The door itself rocked and moaned as if deprecating its own impotency to withstand the fierce heat, before which it must soon give way. Little smudges of smoke appeared in various parts of the factory, where sparks had fallen upon the



With strength born of desperation he managed to pull the unconscious man through the opening and on to the roof. Then he collapsed!

fright ran into girls as helpless and as scared as he, but he saw them not. He was overcome with terror—terror thru which ran but one thought, self-preservation, escape.

Suddenly a great wave of flame, devouring the wall above, leaped above the fire door, which separated the shipping room from the factory, and spat its envenomed darts at the trapped refugees. Like the fangs of some hideous dragon, the red, forked tongue darted thru the aperture, filling the room with its acrid, suffocating breath.

The Irishman screamed shrilly, in the acme of his terror. He was not a pretty thing. His clothes were rent and dirty. His grimy face was streaked where the tears had coursed down his cheeks. His eyes were red and inflamed. His hair was wet, and matted to his head with perspiration. In his despair and cowardice he wrung his hands, filling the room with disgusting, pitiful cries.

No one noticed him. Each person there was alive only to his own danger. Pandemonium reigned. Girls clung to each

partly completed shirts. Soon these smudges would turn into red-tongued pyres.

Just as a particularly hot gust of flame and smoke burst thru the opening there was the sound of splintering glass, the top of a ladder was raised level with the only unbarred window, and a red-helmeted fireman appeared.

In the stampede for the window, girls were knocked down and trampled upon. McCarthy rushed toward the ladder. Close behind him was Mayme. Girls packed the opening in front of the window, and the half-crazed Irishman could not reach it. Vainly he tried to crush thru. The human phalanx was impenetrable. Mayme clung to his arm. With a curse, he turned and pushed her from him. She fell to the floor, and those behind trampled upon her.

The mollicoddle saw. He saw red. The red of vengeance. With the cry of a mad bull, a cry so loud and terrible in its rage that it lifted itself above the roar of the flames and struck a chill to the listeners' hearts, he wrenched an iron bracket from one of the machines and sprang for McCarthy.

The girls between him and the man shrank out of the way, terrified. With a bound he reached the Irishman, the bracket was raised and fell with a sickening thud on McCarthy's head, and he sank to the floor, stunned.

Picking up Mayme, the man forced his way to the window, handed the unconscious girl to the fireman, and then, planting

his back against the side of the wall, brandished his weapon and yelled:

"Stand back, all of you! Form in line. Ladies first. The first man who attempts to leave before the women are all out, I'll brain. The first girl that breaks from the line and tries to rush to the window will get the same treatment. Fall back there and get in line. Steady!"

Smythe's attitude was harsh, brutal and domineering. But it was the one way, the only way, to bring the fear-maddened crowd to its senses and save those entrapped. Brutal as it was, it was efficacious, and where before had been shrieks and yells, all was now calm, save for muffled sobs and the roar of the encroaching fire.

The room was filled with smoke, brightened here and there by flames where the piles of shirts had caught fire. Breathing became a hardship and sight a misery.

Under the eye of the determined man, the girls reached the window in order and descended to the street. The men followed them. Smythe had his foot on the ladder and was about to descend when he remembered McCarthy lying prostrate on the factory floor. He sprang back into the inferno and stumbled to where the man lay. The Irishman was a large man, and Smythe half dragged, half carried him to the window. When he reached it, he stared in horror. The ladder was gone. The fireman, believing everyone safely out, and fearing the wall would cave in, had lowered it.

The room was now a red, glowing inferno. Small tongues of livid flame struck at Smythe as he staggered with McCarthy to the passenger elevator shaft. The cables reaching to the roof were still intact, altho the shaft itself was full of smoke. At the bottom of it he could faintly discern the dull, red glow of the fire. The top of the shaft was covered by a glass skylight.

Altho dazed, Smythe thought of the roof, but the stairway was gone. In his desk was a coil of three-quarter-inch rope. He darted to the office, at the other end of the room. How he reached it or regained the shaft, he never knew. Stumbling, falling, picking himself up again, he hurried on. His breath came in gasps, his eyebrows and lids were singed away, and in some places, where it had caught fire, his hair was short, black stubble.

When he regained the shaft, he tied one end of the rope about his waist, the other around McCarthy's shoulders. Leaving the man on the floor, he grasped the cable and ascended, hand over hand, until he bumped his head on the cross beam to which the pulleys were attached. Drawing himself up onto the cross beam, he balanced himself and tried to push open the skylight. It was fastened.

Smythe bent his head to protect his face, then, doubling his fist, he drove it thru the glass nearest the side of the frame. The glass fell in showers, cutting his head and neck. His hand was a mass of blood. Again and again he smashed the glass until he had made a hole large enough to crawl thru.

The shaft was now a thick mass of smoke. He could not see a foot below him. Grasping the edge of the skylight, he managed, at the expense of torn hands, and fingers, to draw himself thru. Once on the roof, it was but a moment's work to unfasten and drag away the skylight.

At the left of the skylight and about a foot from the opening, a small iron pipe protruded for several inches thru the roof. Untying the rope from his waist, Smythe retied it to the pipe. Taking off his coat, he hung it over the shaft and underneath the rope, to keep it from splintering and wearing thru. Then, bracing himself, he tugged at the rope.

He was afraid at first that the fire had reached McCarthy and severed the rope. A moan escaped his parched lips when, at the first tug, he was unable to move the man below. At any rate, the rope still held to him.

It was several precious minutes before he was able to swing the man from the floor to the shaft, and, when he did so, he nearly lost his balance. With all his efforts he was unable to pull him up.

In the center of the roof, near a small hydrant, was an iron reel of hose. Smythe hastily unwound the hose, rolled the reel to the skylight and fastened the suspended man to it.

He wound slowly. It was slow work. His hands were torn and bleeding, and the sweat poured from him in great, hot streams. Inch by inch the rope slowly wound about the reel, and every inch brought McCarthy that much nearer the surface. At last, when it seemed that he could not turn the wheel another inch, he felt the prostrate man strike the cross beam.

Securely fastening the wheel, he crept to the skylight and reaching thru, grabbed the man by the shoulder. With strength born of desperation, he managed to pull the unconscious man thru the opening and on to the roof. Then he collapsed.

When Smythe got his second wind, he reached his hand under McCarthy's shirt, and was relieved to find that the man's heart was still beating. Stepping quickly to the side of the roof, he looked down into the street. It was filled with people, beyond the roped-in enclosure wherein the firemen worked, sending stream after stream ineffectually into the burning building.

Even as he looked down, a great wall of fire ascended thru the skylight, plainly silhouetting him where he stood. The flames attracted the crowd, and, looking up, they saw the man.

A low murmur of horror surged thru the multitude, followed by a woman's screams. And then, as plainly as tho breathed into his ear, he heard a cry, "The Mollycoddle!" So that was what they still called him. Even at the gates of death he was to be known by that hated opprobrium. A great wave of anger surged thru him, and he shook his fist at the crowd below and cursed them. But he had no time to stand there cursing. The roof was now covered with spitting, snarling sparks and great, surging billows of black smoke.

Running to the shaft, he grabbed McCarthy and dragged him to the street side of the roof. Directly across the narrow street was another building, one story lower than the factory. From the factory roof ran two wire cables, a foot apart, to the center of the opposite building's roof.

Smythe now cut off a strip of the hose two feet in length. Rapidly unwinding the rope from the reel, he cut off a three-foot length and inserted it in his piece of hose. This he now placed across the cables and knotted it beneath.

The open windows of the building opposite were filled with men watching him. Cupping his hands, he yelled for them to ascend to the roof, but owing to the roar of the fire, his voice did not carry; so he motioned to them what to do. They sensed his plan and obeyed him.

Tying McCarthy to his improvised sling, he slowly pushed him to the edge of the roof. A great fear took possession of him. Would the cables hold? If they did not, it meant death for both of them in the street below. Altho he could have tied the rope to the stanchions supporting the cables, he had knotted it about his own waist. If McCarthy dropped, he would go with him.

Bracing himself against the stanchion, he slowly paid out the rope, every inch of which tore new welts into his gaping hands. Nearer and nearer the edge slipped the body until, at last, it was over and dangling in the chasm. He caught his breath, but the wires held. The weight of the man, as McCarthy swung free, nearly tore the rope from Smythe's bleeding hands, but he clung to it. Inch by inch he let out the rope until McCarthy hung directly over the center of the street. The wires sagged greatly.

Below, the firemen had stretched a net to catch the man in case the wires gave way, but no human power could have kept him from being dashed to pieces if they had broken. They held.

After what seemed an eternity to Smythe, he saw willing hands quickly release McCarthy from the sling and apply restoratives.

Smythe hauled back the sling, and, unfastening the rope from his waist, tied it to the stanchion. (Continued on page 39)

Who's What *in the Navy*

Tabloid Sketches of Bureau Chiefs Who Are Directing Naval Operations Under Secretary Daniels

FROM a military standpoint, the most important office in the United States Navy today is that of the Chief of Naval Operations. Following its creation by Congress, Admiral William Shepherd Benson was appointed to the position in May, 1915, and has filled it ever since. In charge of the operations of the Fleet, and with the preparation and readiness of plans for its use in war, upon Admiral Benson rests the great responsibility of co-ordinating every phase of naval endeavor so as to secure maximum effectiveness. He is sixty-two years old, and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1877. He has seen sea service in every quarter of the globe; has been an instructor at Annapolis; has commanded superdreadnaughts, and has held administrative positions. He knows the Navy thoroly from all angles, therefore is excellently fitted by training and experience for his present position. He was a member of the Greeley Relief Expedition in 1883, and on one occasion circumnavigated the entire coast of Africa. Admiral Benson was commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard from 1913 to 1915.

The Naval War College, the Office of Naval Intelligence, the Office of Gunnery Exercises and Engineering Performances, the Naval Communication Service, the Aeronautic Service and other branches of the service concerned directly with keeping the Navy in a state of the highest efficiency are under Admiral Benson's direction. He is also director of all strategic and tactical matters, issues orders and regulations, and acts as advisor to the Secretary of the Navy in all military operations.

Naval powers of the world have paid their tribute to Rear Admiral David Watson Taylor, chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, as the world's expert in the design of fighting craft. These are his busy days, charged with responsibility for the structural strength and stability of all ships built for the Navy.

The war construction program includes a large number of destroyers with which to fight the submarine. The project is being carried out under the supervision of the man who, twenty years ago, originated the high forecastle destroyers, a feature since utilized by every foreign power.

Admiral Taylor first proposed the centerline disposition of turrets adopted in American battleships, and it is the universal practice of all the navies of the world. The principal share in the design of practically all vessels of our Navy since 1900 has been in the hands of Admiral Taylor.

He is also the designer of the apparatus of the United States Model Basin at the Washington Navy Yard, where problems of ship stability, resistance and speed are worked out with miniature war craft. At his graduation from Annapolis in 1885,

Admiral Taylor received the highest marks of any graduate of the Naval Academy—before or since. At that time two Naval Academy graduates were sent each year to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, England, with the permission of the British government, as special students of naval architecture and marine engineering. Young Taylor was chosen and was graduated in 1888 with the highest marks received by any student in that course.

In 1911, Admiral Taylor was retained by the British Admiralty as an expert witness on suction in the litigation following a collision between the liner Olympic and the British cruiser Hawks. Suction, or hydraulic inter-action between two vessels in passing one another, was one of the subjects he had investigated in the United States Model Basin, and as a result of his testimony the idea of suction was for the first time accepted in a British court, the case being decided in favor of the Admiralty, and the decision was later sustained by the higher courts.

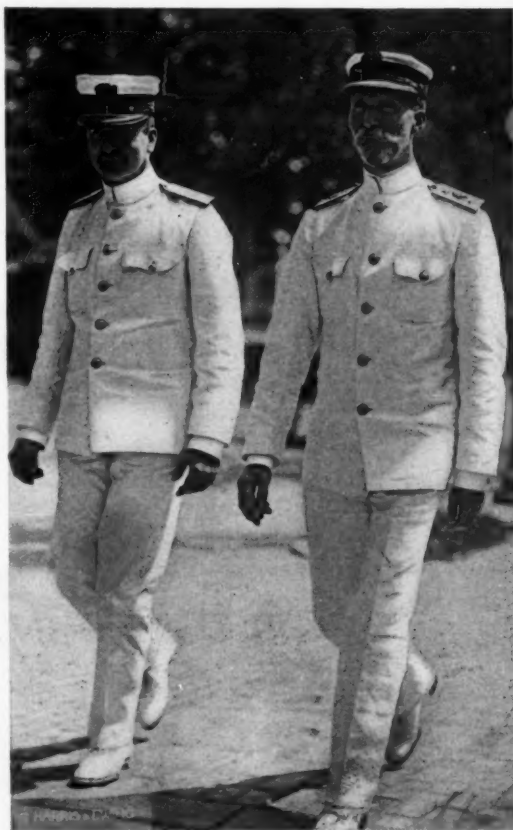
Author of many scientific papers and of two books, "Resistance of Ships and Screw Propulsion," and "Speed and Power of Ships," Admiral Taylor has been one of the busiest men in the Navy. Perhaps that is why he delights in spending his spare hours in experiments with bees on his farm in Virginia, the state where he was born, in 1864.

From its beginning, in 1883, Rear Admiral Robert Stanislaus Griffin, the engineer-in-chief of the Navy, has been intimately identified with every phase of the development of the motive power of the "New Navy." A graduate of the first class of cadet engineers to take a four-year course at Annapolis, he has devoted his long and active career to the design, construction and improvement of propulsion machinery. This dean of the corps of bureau chiefs is said to possess the most intimate knowledge of warship motivation of any man in the service.

As a young officer, his first important assignment to duty was in connection with the inspection of the machinery of the Atlanta, Boston, Chicago and Dolphin, the first vessels of the "New Navy." As chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, he is now ushering into the naval world the first electrically-driven battleship, the New Mexico.

Born in Virginia in 1857, Admiral Griffin has seen service on nearly every class of ship, from gunboat to dreadnaught; and ashore, in the office of Naval Intelligence and the Bureau of Steam Engineering, as inspector of machinery at shipyards, and as a member of numerous boards. Foreign languages are somewhat of a hobby with him, enabling him to keep in close touch with engineering matters abroad. His position as head of the engineering branch of the Navy naturally keeps him abreast of the times in this country.

The Bureau has outgrown its



TWO OF THE NAVY'S "BIG GUNS"

Rear Admiral David W. Taylor (left), chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy and an acknowledged master of the science of ship propulsion, and Rear Admiral Washington L. Capps, who was appointed president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, succeeding General George W. Goethals. This is the only picture of Admiral Capps made in recent years, as he is camera-shy to a pronounced degree.



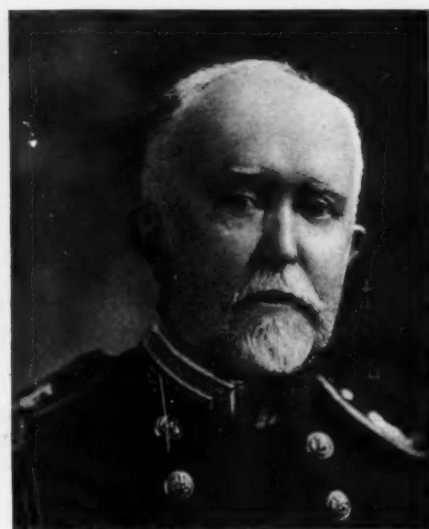
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REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM C. BRAISTED
Surgeon-general of the United States Navy and chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery



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REAR ADMIRAL RALPH EARLE
As chief of the Bureau of Ordnance he provides fighting tools for the United States Navy



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REAR ADMIRAL R. S. GRIFFIN
Engineer-in-chief of the Navy, intimately identified with development of the motive power of the "New Navy"

original title, and Admiral Griffin is concerned with electric, turbine, internal combustion and other types of motive power. Officially, the duties of the Bureau are described as all that relates to designing, building, fitting out and repairing machinery used for the propulsion of naval ships.

One of the younger officers of the Navy is Rear Admiral Leigh Carlyle Palmer, chief of the Bureau of Navigation. The functions and duties of this bureau are many and varied, and touch but slightly the science of navigation as such, being concerned primarily with the supply and control of personnel. The Bureau of Navigation in the Navy is comparable to the Adjutant General's office in the War Department.

As chief of Bureau, Admiral Palmer, who was chosen for this important post because of his exceptional qualifications, has supervision of the establishing of complements of ships of the Navy, of the appointment and commissioning of officers, of the enlistment, assignment and discharge of enlisted men; of the training and education of line officers and enlisted men; of the keeping of records; the issuing of orders; of ceremonies and uniform regulations, pay estimates, and the like. The Naval Militia, the Naval Reserve, the Naval Academy, Naval Observatory, Hydrographic Office, Navy Defense districts, and the personnel of the radio and aeronautic services, are under his jurisdiction.

Admiral Palmer is forty-four years old, and a graduate of the Naval Academy of the class of 1896, and was considered the best all-around athlete at Annapolis in his time. He was at Santiago during the entire Cuban campaign and later in the Philippines. For almost thirteen years he had one continuous cruise of sea duty, most of the time being spent on battleships, before he was assigned his first shore duty. He was special naval representative at the wedding of King Alfonso of Spain, was naval aide to former Secretary of State Root when that distinguished statesman visited South America, and was naval aide to President Taft.

One of the early proponents of long-range firing in the open sea under actual battle conditions, Admiral Palmer has

been commander of a destroyer division of the Atlantic Fleet, executive officer of the battleship New York, and was chief of staff to the commander of the battleship force when assigned to his present duty.

* * * * *

The construction of a hundred million dollars' worth of dry-docks, piers, shipways, warehouses, training camps and other structures included in the Navy's shore building program, is the war task of Rear Admiral Frederic R. Harris, chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks. He is at the head of this busy and important bureau at forty-two, because, during his fourteen years' naval service, he has again and again accomplished the supposedly impossible in engineering feats.

When naval officials were ready to abandon the project to erect a drydock in the quicksands at the New York Navy Yard, his new method of construction, involving the sinking of caisson foundations thru the quicksand to bed-rock, saved the day. When an attempt to build a graving dock on a coral reef at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, seemed doomed to failure, he suggested floating caissons as the solution. Notwithstanding the opposition of brother naval officers, engineers and geologists, Harris held out for his plan, and finally, after winning the approval of Alfred Nobel, the international expert, work was resumed. The dock is now nearing successful completion.

As chief of Yards and Docks, he has supervision of all "public works" of the Navy—dry docks, marine railways, ways, wharves, slips, floating and stationary cranes, power plants, buildings, bridges—everything pertaining to shore provision for the upkeep of the Navy.

* * * * *

A naval cadet back in 1896, on the now venerable battleship Massachusetts, Ralph Earle began the study of guns, which resulted, last December, in his being chosen as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, with the rank of Rear Admiral. At that time he was junior officer of a thirteen-inch turret; today, at forty-three, he is head of the branch of the Navy charged with the provision of all offensive and defensive arms and apparatus.

It is Admiral Earle's work to provide fighting tools for the Navy by supervising the



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BRITISH AND AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS
Working toward the co-ordination of the British and American naval forces. Rear Admiral William S. Benson (left), chief of the Bureau of Operations of the United States Navy, and Vice Admiral Sir Montague E. Browning, commander of the British North American naval forces, in Admiral Benson's office in Washington

production and testing of every kind of ordnance material; by directing the management of great factories, and by handling matters of design and installation of armament. The Bureau of Ordnance must provide guns and gun mounts, ammunition hoists, rammers, motors, sights and telescopes, range finders, explosives, smokeless powder, torpedoes and mines, tubes for firing torpedoes, armor, projectiles, rifles and various other things. These are surely busy days around the Ordnance Department.

When called to direct the Bureau, Admiral Earle was a commander, serving as Inspector of Ordnance, in charge of the Navy Proving Ground at Indian Head. He has served as gunnery officer on a number of fighting ships, as inspector in private plants manufacturing powder for the Navy, as executive and commanding officer of men-o'-war, as head of the Department of Ordnance and Gunnery at the Naval Academy, and in other capacities. He was gunnery officer of the Maine in 1907, when that ship made sixty-seven per cent hits at six thousand yards, in the Navy's first long-range practice.

This record has since been greatly excelled, but it was the best in the history of the American Navy up to that time. Admiral Earle has seen considerable war service, having been present at both battles of Manzanillo in the Spanish War, and with the American Fleet in Mexican waters in 1914. He is the author of a number of papers on naval subjects published in the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute, and of a popular book, "Life at the United States Naval Academy."

* * * *

As paymaster general of the Navy and chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan of the "Fighting McGowan" family of South Carolina is the Navy's business and fiscal agent. During the three years since his appointment, he has made the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts a model of business efficiency, handling in these war times transactions involving hundreds of millions of dollars. Admiral McGowan is the youngest man ever having held this important post, being only forty-four years of age.

Supplies of all kinds are purchased, received, stored, shipped and issued; contracts made; accounts kept; claims adjusted and disbursements made; fuel procured and water supplied to ships under his direction. The one great object of the Bureau is to supply the Fleet with what it needs, when it needs it. As at present organized, the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts is subdivided into six divisions: purchase, supply, fleet, inspection, disbursing, and accounting.

Admiral McGowan has had a really remarkable career. After receiving the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Law from the University of South Carolina, he entered the Navy as assistant paymaster in 1894. In nine years he was made assistant paymaster general. When the Fleet was sent around the world by President Roosevelt, he went as fleet paymaster, and it was largely due to his efforts that the cruise was made on time, with no short rations or lack of variety. At Messina he directed the distribution of provisions and supplies to the earthquake refugees of that region. His report on the operations of the pay department was ordered printed as a public document.

In 1913, when Admiral Badger assumed command of the Atlantic Fleet, the then Pay Inspector McGowan was asked again to be fleet paymaster. In 1914 he was called to Washington for special duty, and soon thereafter was made paymaster general. He is the only officer to serve twice as fleet paymaster of the battle fleet, and is the first paymaster general appointed direct from sea.

With every detail of the Bureau's business affairs at his finger ends, the purchase of food, clothing and raw and finished products, grouped as "supplies," having been highly systematized, Admiral McGowan's "Navy Standard Specifications" are considered so authoritative and reliable that they are recognized and used by many other branches of the government as the best they can find.

* * * *

Physician-extraordinary to nearly a quarter million men is Dr. William Clarence Braisted, Surgeon General of the United States Navy, and chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, with the rank of rear admiral. His duty is to watch over the health of the officers and men of the service, and to direct all matters pertaining to hygiene, sanitation and the prevention of disease.

Recognized as one of the world's leading experts in medical administration, Admiral Braisted is the man responsible for the present scheme of organization and high state of efficiency of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, and the Medical Corps of the Navy. An honor graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he entered the Navy in 1890 as an assistant surgeon, after a period of internship and private practice. His naval experience includes service on many vessels, at naval hospitals, and as instructor in surgery at the Naval Medical School. He was decorated by the President of Venezuela for his care of the wounded (Continued on page 49).



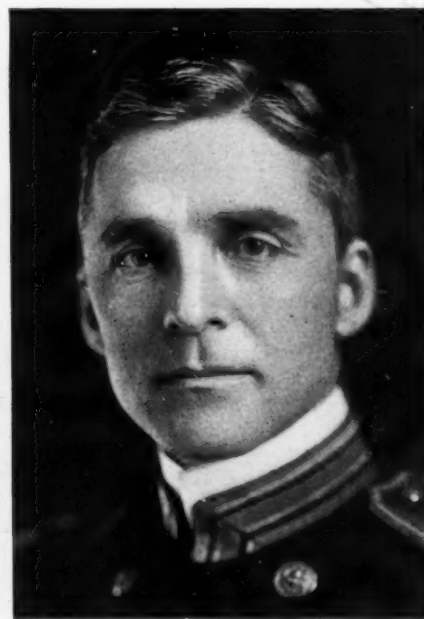
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REAR ADMIRAL FREDERIC R. HARRIS
Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Navy



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REAR ADMIRAL SAMUEL MCGOWAN
Paymaster-general, the youngest man ever appointed
to this high post



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REAR ADMIRAL LEIGH C. PALMER
Chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy

Hobbies of Great People

Collections Owned by Kings, Queens, Noted Americans and Others.

By GEORGE LEON VARNEY



HOBBIES are of many kinds. Some are grotesque; some, eccentric; some, trifling; and some, alas, are worthy of being dubbed sensible. It's all a matter of appeal to the individual heart, for out of the heart alone is born a hobby.

Collecting. What does it mean? Briefly defined for the purpose it wishes to serve, it's the gathering or accumulating, bit by bit, pieces or things that belong to a class of things which one has a peculiar liking for.

As concerns the objects of the collector's quest, they may be infinitely diverse. To some, the meaning of life becomes a wall of gigantic proportions, hung with battle-axes, plate or game heads; to others, the ultimate aim of existence is the acquisition of shelf upon shelf of rare and costly books, or row upon row of burnished goblets, quaint bronzes, pottery or candlesticks. Or maybe the joy of living lies in the self-centered satisfaction of owning a forest of walking sticks, or in spending one's money for a temple *sacred to Old Daubs and Crippled Venuses*. Or maybe, to continue the strain, one betrays a weakness for cast-off lavenders and old laces of dead nobility, or spends his surplus time in collecting tea-sets, mirrors, vanity boxes, or mementoes of famous people, or is forever trying to corner the market of holy grails, pearls and kohinoors. All of which are but a few that suggest themselves, in addition to that long line of the more popular things sought for, such as coins, stamps, autographs, flowers, postcards, billikens, and banners.

* * *

And while speaking of collections in a general way, we bare our heads and ask most reverently, "Who can forget the old family album that used to rest with its *famous* collection of saints and rogues on the center table in the front parlor?" The turning of its yellow leaves was always a source of amusement, especially so for sister's beau or "our honored guest." It has disappeared, as have some of the branches of the family tree, but the memory of it haunts us still. Yes, it had a mission, fulfilled it well, and won for itself the respect of the community. For such we raise the noble epitaph: "Gone, but not forgotten." Selah!

No home is so humble that it is without some collection or other. It may be an assortment of pipes, Indian arrow-points, or shells picked up along the shore of a nearby lake. And maybe, aye maybe, it's the things that have filled the little home with thrills, tears and smiles. Faded roses, ringlets of hair, soiled ribbons, baby shoes, tarnished locket, birth notices and obituary praises are the treasures of many a life. They are real "heart throbs"; and we pity the man among us who does not understand why such things should touch a woman's heart. He does not understand the tie that binds—far less the meaning of death.

Verily, the objects of pursuit are without number.

* * *

The prince of all modern collectors is George V, King of England. His collections range from the most valuable plate assortment in the world down to a series of the smallest and rarest of postage stamps.

His majesty's so-called gold pantry consists of two large fire-proof store-rooms in which is kept plate at an estimated value of nine million dollars. Think of it! Enough cold lucre with which to make nine paupers millionaires, or a sum large enough with which to build a city boulevard and flank it on either side with ninety modern churches.

It may be of passing interest to know that the gold plate which is used for state banquets weighs several tons. This is

not, of course, all solid gold. If the larger pieces were gold, they would be too heavy to move at all. As it is, some of the epergnes take four men to lift. These are of silver-gilt. It takes one man to carry two dishes, or eight plates, the plates being of pure gold.

Someone who is in position to know informs us that there is not much ancient English plate in the gold pantry. Charles I melted down all the plate of his day and coined it into money; but there are some exquisite foreign pieces, among them a great silver flagon taken from the flagship of the Spanish Armada, and the famous Nautilus Cup, made by that master of the art, Benvenuto Cellini. There is a shield by the same great Italian, and the wonderful gold tiger's head taken from Tipposahib's throne after the storming of Seringapatam in 1799.

This tiger's head is a marvelous work of art. It is life-size, and its teeth and eyes are cut out of pure rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time, we are told, is the jeweled bird called the Uma. In shape it is like a pigeon, with a peacock's tail. Its feathers blaze with precious stones and a magnificent emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

Other odd pieces include a shield formed of snuff boxes and valued at forty-five thousand dollars. Then there's the wonderful embossed shield of solid gold given to Edward VII by a number of Indian rajahs. Very attractive and valuable, too, is the rosewater fountain of silver designed by the late Prince Consort, and weighing nearly three thousand ounces. Beautiful cups and salvers numbering into the hundreds help fill the guarded shelves. All of them bear cobwebs of history, and any one of them would fetch an enormous price if put up at auction.

To the weight and wealth of the gold pantry must be added the collection of objects got together by the King's father. These include the Coronation presents, which are valued at over a quarter of a million, and works of art that could not be bought for either love or money. Nor must we overlook the jewels which are locked in an underground safe. These jewels have, of course, nothing to do with the Crown jewels, which are kept in London Tower. They are the private property of the royal family, and for precaution's sake have been duplicated in paste.

As a collector of books, the King has a library containing over one hundred thousand volumes. Below the library is a room holding one of the finest collections of prints in existence. These alone would probably fetch half a million dollars if sold. In the same treasure room are no fewer than twenty thousand drawings of the old masters and a collection of over a thousand miniatures. The late Queen Victoria collected the latter.

Speaking of royal personages and collections, the late King Edward, father of the present George, collected many things, including autographs, photographs, and first editions of the English classics. He was also very proud of his collection of walking-sticks, of which he had several hundred. One of the most treasured was a stick made from one of the piles of old London Bridge; and another, equally valuable, was cut from a branch of the famous Boscobel Oak.

* * *

The late Franz Josef, the Emperor of Austria, who helped to stage the present conflict between freedom and tyranny, had a fad for collecting menu cards, and as his stock was contributed to by other monarchs, it was truly a wonderful one. His choicest specimen was one used at the dinner given by the last Czar of the Russians to President Faure of France. The

card was really a block of the rarest black marble, beautifully painted by a famous French artist, the names of the various dishes being lettered in white ivory.

When it comes to collecting cards, Queen Christina of Spain holds the aces. She possesses many rare specimens of Egyptian, Arabian, German, French and Spanish make. A few years ago she purchased a pack of ivory playing cards which is said to have been carried by Prince Eugene, the colleague of the Duke of Marlborough, in the campaign against the French under Marshal Villars. The cards were at one time in the possession of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, grandfather of the late King Edward VII. Seventy odd years ago they fell into the hands of a Spanish nobleman, and an impecunious grandson sold them to Queen Christina. Not very long ago she tried to negotiate for a pack said to be a thousand years old, but her efforts were fruitless. "All the Queen's horses and all the Queen's wealth," to use an old phrase, couldn't draw the pack from its hiding place in the Asiatic Museum.

Royal ladies have exceptional facilities for making interesting collections. Take Queen Margherita. As a young girl she had a passion for collecting lace, and even unto this day she would go a long way to secure a rare bit of needlework. During the course of time, many rare pieces have found their way to her. For instance, in her possession is one of the most beautiful and at the same time the most valuable handkerchief in the world. It dates back to the time when Columbus discovered America. In spite of its yellow old age, it is in perfect preservation, and it is valued at twenty-five thousand dollars. Of course certain American agents, well-baited with money, have tried to buy it, but the good Queen, ever mindful of her position and faithful to her hobby, has refused to be tempted. To her, commercial lucre cannot be placed on a level with the things that are of purely artistic value.

The same royal personage has spent much time—plus much money—in collecting precious stones. The study of pearls has proven most fascinating to her, and experts tell us that her collection of the deep-sea gems is unrivalled, either at home or abroad.

The Queen of England, as almost everybody knows, goes in for caricatures cut from various English magazines and periodicals.

The last of the Czarinas (now plain Mrs. Nicholas Romanoff)

rides the same funny hobby, only, of course, she confines herself to Russian clippings. Her collection is brightened by many cartoons executed by herself.

The mother of King George loves photography. She has taken thousands of views, many of which have been placed on sale of late to help the great cause. Her daughter, Queen Maud of Norway, has inherited the taste, and her collection of Scandinavian views has no equal. Another close relative of the Queen-mother is a certain charming princess who is fond of collecting whips, and then there is one who, like good Queen Bess, has a penchant for quaint and rare fans.

PAY DIRT

EDITOR'S NOTE.—I stumbled on to Will D. Muse—what a name for a poet—at Memphis, Tennessee, and picked up his book, "The Hills o' Hope." In doing so I struck "Pay Dirt." Muse, as a man, and in his poems, has the faculty of finding the gold among the base, and every line he writes rings true to life. There is nothing more beautiful in written composition than a well-written poem. There is nothing more beautiful in life than to find a poet who lives up to his verse. It was thus with Muse. His kindly geniality, his diversified abilities, his love of man and of nature, are rich composite elements of a poet; and the South, rich with the legends of poet-lore, has paid loyal tribute to the writer at its own doors, by crowning him "The Muse of the Southland."

I wandered down from the hills o' fret, a-chokin' with discontent,
And I didn't give a tinker's damn which way my ole hoss went;
I passed the house of Discontent, and hit for the windin' road,
With a trace-sore soul, and a back all bent with a hell-of-a-heavy load,
And I wondered how the birds could sing, an' the measly sun could shine,
For I was too tired of life to kick, if the Good Lord called fer mine.

My ole hoss kept up a shamblin' gait, as he heaved his sweat-soaked hide.
An' I wouldn't a-keered if the hoss an' me had laid rite down an' died;
'Cause there didn't seem much that wus wuth a fight an' nothing left to learn,
An' it looked like somebody shore had lied 'bout the lane thet has no turn.
The back trail shore had been some rough, an' the pay dirt hard to find,
An' there wasn't much but fool regrets mixed up with the tracks behind.

It made me sore as I thrashed it out—an' I jerked on the bit so hard,
Thet I brought the blood to the hungry mouth of my heave-afflicted pard,
Though I knew darned well he wasn't to blame fer the fool mistakes I made,
'Cause I hitched him up at every camp, an' danced while the fiddler played.
But you know how measly weak an' hard we git, when luck breaks bad,
We jest go nutty, an shore fergit all the good luck we ever had.

So we jogged along, my hoss an' me, a hittin' the sundown trail,
My heart wus sore, an' my hoss wus sore frum his nose to his ragged tail,
When all uf a sudden the ole road turned right up to a lean-to door,
An' say, I hope I shore nuff die if I ever lose hope any more,
Fer there in the door set the puttiest thing I ever seen dressed in clo's,
An God hed painted her eyes sky blue, an' splashed on her cheeks a rose.

She wus settin' there with the fadin' light asleep in her golden hair,
An' I know an angel in Heaven caint be one honery bit so fair;
As she rocked, I heerd her a-singin' low to somethin' she held up tight
In her sun-brown arms, an' I knowed thet God hed shore nuff done things right,
An' I said to my hoss, as we jogged along towards the end of a ragged day,
"If ever we strike pay-dirt like that, we'll stake off a claim an' stay."

—Will D. Muse

Queen Marie of Roumania goes in for the unusual. Hers is the collecting of perfumery bottles. In this she resembles her grandmother, the late Empress of Russia, who, we are told, left a collection of "fragrant" bottles valued at thirty thousand dollars. On the other hand, we know that the late Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, better known by her nom de plume, Carmen Sylva, cared not for bottles or their contents. Her time was devoted to what she termed her four loves: rare books, music, needlework, and the unfortunate blind. It was she who founded a colony for the latter at Bucharest, and it was not an uncommon sight to see the Queen moving among them, bearing a message of cheer, ever striving to render some act of kindness, believing all the while with poor blind Milton that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Royal men are just as prone to interest themselves in small things as are men who are not boasters of blue blood. Take the Kaiser, for example. Very few would care to guess what he holds next to his U-boats and Hindenburg lines. And yet, my friend, this self-dubbed "war lord" fairly worships his collection of ties and scarfs. They are of all ages, patterns, and countries. They range from aristocratic cravats to the humblest of cotton

bows, and are sufficient in numbers to stock a Fifth Avenue shop. Then there is Alfonso, King of Spain, who cares more for his sporting trophies than for the problems that confront his kingdom.

Among the most curious of royal collections along this line was that made by the late King George of Greece. It was nothing more or less than a collection of door-handles, and he had a whole room of them, of every conceivable shape and size. The relatives of the King tell a story to the effect that when Queen Alexandra was Princess of Wales, she invited her brother to visit her at Sandringham. "But, if you do come," she added, "please do not run away with any of the handles from the doors,

as the Prince has the peculiar taste of preferring a door with a handle to one without." For years King Victor Emmanuel of Italy owned the largest and most valuable collection of coins in all Europe. King Alexander, the murdered ruler of Serbia, had a hobby for hunting guns. A few months after his assassination his splendid collection was sold at public auction with other gruesome relics, souvenirs, so to speak, of the most romantic and bloody political drama of modern times.

We might go on telling about royal collections, but it is not our purpose to present a complete catalog of such. The collections mentioned serve well their part of showing how infinitely diverse the objects of a collector's quest might be. If we were to go down the avenue back of us, we would find the same human desire to collect prevailing all along the line, even unto Noah the First, with his wonderful collection of birds and beasts. History's page is filled with the names of kings and queens who were collectors. Herod, Nero, Caesar, Cleopatra, Augustus, Henry IV, Louis XIV, Marie Antoinette, and even Napoleon—all enjoyed the reputation of being collectors, and strange as it may seem, no two of them sought after the same thing.

* * * *

Ere we leave the ranks of nobility, something should be said concerning the wonderful collection owned by the Sultan of Turkey. Like his predecessors, the Sultan desires to add to the green vaults of Constatio, as the treasure caves are called. The gossipers of Constantinople say that if a person offered three billion dollars for the green vaults, he would get them at a bargain.

A Mr. Jacobson, who comments on men, women and things of the Old World, informs us that no one ever has been able to estimate the value of the Sultan's jewels. There are at least twelve sets of heavily barred doors to pass before the actual entrance is reached to this Aladdin's cave. For every lock there are two keys, entrusted to as many custodians, each having twenty-four guards. These are supposed to spy on each other as well as to protect the guardian of the keys.

Perhaps, and we take Mr. Jacobson as our authority, the throne of beaten gold, adorned with millions of rubies, pearls, diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds set in mosaic, is the most dazzling object in the treasury of the Shadow of God on earth. How Selim I ever brought it all the way from Persia in the fifteenth century, when transportation was fraught with so many dangers, is quite beyond comprehension.

Nowhere in the world are there precious stones to compare with the two great emeralds which adorn the top of the throne. One of them is as big as a man's hand, the other being a trifle smaller.

On a table of ebony and sandalwood within reach of the throne stands a marvelous golden tankard encrusted with four thousand diamonds. By its side lies a platter wrought of the purest gold and literally veneered with diamonds. On the ground, surrounding this dazzling sight, are scattered thousands of rubies, pearls, turquoise and emeralds, mingled with exquisitely carved diamond buttons. The magnitude of the whole thing makes one gasp in amazement.

There are effigies of the Sultans from 1451 to 1839, with jewels stuck in the feathers of their turbans, daggers and swords, which are priceless. No museum in the world can boast a richer collection of armor, scimitars, shields, pistols, saddles, canes and the like, all bejewelled or wrought of gold.

If all the set and unset precious stones of the cave were converted into cash and used for public purposes, it is claimed that poor Turkey would be transformed into one of the richest powers of the world. But our allies need not fear, as there is little danger of the present Sultan performing such a miracle, even for the sake of his own people. Like all Sultans, he makes a good collector, but a miserably poor distributor.

* * * *

A man or woman need not necessarily eat from golden dishes or wear a crest in order to have a hobby; on the contrary, a number of collections remarkable both for their uniqueness and completeness have been made by those farthest removed

from scepters and crowns. Note the hobbies of a few of our deceased Americans—men who were on speaking terms with fame—and see if this isn't true.

Dewey, "Hero of Manila," is not forgotten. He was a most patient collector, and next in line of duty it was the pursuit of butterflies and moths that held his attention. His collection, which included specimens from all parts of the globe, had been the object of loving care for over thirty years. So valuable was it that its owner saw fit to have it insured for nearly ten thousand dollars. Dewey an admiral? Yes, more than that—an entomologist.

* * * *

Another very enthusiastic collector was Thomas Brackett Reed, famed as "Big Tom, wielder of the gavel." He made a hobby of newspaper cuttings, but his cartoons dealing with himself and the measures and men in which he was interested survive him as being truly important and instructive.

It was one of his delights to show his cartoons to his intimates, and he was particularly fond of one which he had hanging conspicuously in his library. It was the first ever printed in which his face and figure were portrayed. It appeared in *Harper's Weekly* some time in the '70's, when he was a young man. Of it he said:

"When that cartoon appeared, I felt that I had 'arrived,' not at the summit of political success, of course, but that I had at least reached the top of a foothill."

John Fiske, the great historian and philosopher, who brought history and philosophy to the American people, spent his life among his books. His library was his world. He had thirty thousand volumes, and all in all they cost him over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

When he was but twelve years old he had a little library of two hundred volumes. That was the nucleus from which grew his historical and philosophical library, probably the most complete private collection in this country along these lines.

When we weigh the man, bearing in mind his ideas of evolution and the wonders of Nature, we are not surprised to know that he had lettered over the mantel of his precious library these words:

"*Disce ut semper victurus, vive ut eros moriturus.*" (Learn as if you were always going to live; live as if you were going to die tomorrow.)

* * * *

The late Howard Pyle, artist and writer, was a man of peace, and yet, to one who was unacquainted with the man, his home, like Guerin's famous Fort Chambray, suggested the abode of a desperate character. Its walls were decorated with swords, sabers, rapiers, guns, pistols, long-bladed knives and other arms, enough of them to defy the authorities for some time.

But Mr. Pyle didn't stop to center all his interest on these things of an ornamental shade. Among other things he gathered were over a hundred hats of different periods. He had, too, an amazing number of books and engravings, which gave details of the costumes and architecture of the past, and were, therefore, invaluable aids in his work.

Like Mr. Pyle, Philip Rhinelander collected war relics, and as the years moved along his collection waxed strong in size and riches. Finally, in order to check its growth, he decided to specialize: to collect nothing but relics of the Civil War. And what a lot of ghastly reminders of that bloody strife he did succeed in rounding up! He not only secured shot and shell, swords, bayonets and rifles, all bristling with war memories, but he went carefully over the ground "where it all happened," and picked up canteens, knapsacks, battle-flags, spurs, horse-bits and keepsakes.

In addition to all these, he brought home something that it would not have occurred to many collectors to notice; at least very few would care to go to the trouble of preserving them—old stumps of trees from Southern battlefields.

One big stump that he was particularly proud of was six feet high and two feet in diameter. In this was embedded two twelve-pound shot and odd parts of burst shells. Another, nearly as large in size, had no fewer (Continued on page 39)

Affairs and Folks

THE great central figure in the present world struggle for peace is the mother. Alone, sacrificing, bearing the brunt of every conflict, she stands silhouetted against the red battle flame, the patient, lovable bearer of the world's burdens. Stories of her loyalty, her bravery, are recorded every day, but none so pathetic, yet so heart-stirring, as that told by H. G. Selfridge, the great American merchant in London.

"A dozen or more soldier boys, just landed from America, sat in front of one of the cafes in Paris, not far from their own quarters. These bright-faced, square-jawed, straight-limbed young men from the farms and villages of the Middle West had sought the hospitality and cool protection of this cafe, when the attention of one of the group was directed to what was, to him, an unusual sight. There, being slowly pulled up the street by one forlorn, poor horse, came a shabby, weather-worn hearse, followed by but one mourner—a poor, tired, little old woman, who showed in every line of her face and in her manner an awful sorrow—a loss of hope—utter despair. The American's eyes and his entire expression proved his fine manly feeling of sympathy, and the smile of a moment before disappeared, when suddenly he stood up, and pointing to the hearse, he cried to his mates: 'Fellows, do you see that? Do you see that hearse? Do you see the uniform they have wrapped around the coffin? It's a French soldier, fellows. Let us do him honor. Fall in!'

"And without a word of question, every man took his place in line behind the poverty-stricken little woman, and the example so impulsively but naturally set, was followed by other loiterers near the cafe, and before they had passed the next street the line had grown to a hundred, and when the cemetery gates were reached a thousand sober, respectful people had joined these young American soldiers.

"The poor little woman saw all this with wonder and with pride. That her soldier son, to whom she had said a long and last good-bye, should receive this honor was almost more than she could bear, and after the brief service at the grave, she turned to the fresh-faced young leader, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she grasped his hand and kissed it. Then turning again to the newly-made grave, she crossed herself devoutly, and slowly, with head bowed, walked past the silent assemblage.

"Once more the young man in uniform stepped out from the line, and reverently lifting his cap, said in a low voice, 'Now, fellows—all together—Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah!' and so holy and so full of sincerity and

true respect was the message of hope and good will called out to the sad little mourner, that those in the procession who were French found themselves joining in the last glorious cheer with their own 'Yourra,' all given with a loyal feeling of 'God-speed, little woman.'

"And as she walked on, in spite of her tears and sadness, her heart was full of great thankfulness and of honest pride, that her beloved son—a soldier of France—had received the honor which the sacrifice of his life for his country had made his due."

* * * *

STURDY, stocky, and bright of eye, Arthur Guy Empey has become over-night the greatest war lecturer in America. This American lad, who enlisted and fought with the Canadians in the early part of the war, after being seriously wounded in the trenches, came back to his home country, wrote a simple, straightforward book called "Over the Top," and leaped into fame.

Empey is giving good advice to our boys framed by his own experience. Regarding the trench life, he says:

"A man is in the front trench under fire, say two days, and sent back four, or perhaps four days and sent back eight. Usually a brigade is in the 'fire sector' thirty-two days. Then it is sent back to the rest billets for an equal time. Here the men are in practically no danger—perhaps an occasional shell. They are together in jolly comradeship, having lots of amusements—football, baseball—plenty to do. They are well fed, well equipped, well amused."

Somewhat amusing is his clear analysis of the American soldiers' reception in France:

"The French are looking to the Americans as the saviors of their cause, and the Americans must be careful to preserve that sentiment. The French are temperamental. If a Frenchman kisses an American soldier, the American mustn't poke him in the chin; he must kiss him back. And the French are—the American must just remember this—exceedingly polite. You must never poke fun at a Frenchman; that is a mortal insult. And the American must remember that the careful French politeness does not mean that the Frenchman is afraid of anything in the world. Why, a Frenchman will apologize to a German when he sticks his bayonet into him!"

* * *

THE subtle trend of the times was emphasized in the great Asbury Park Pageant for 1917, when its queen, who has reigned in many a festival season, gave way to her democratic successor, Miss Liberty.



MISS LIBERTY TAKES THE PLACE OF THE PAGEANT QUEEN.

The abdication of Titania XVII and the succession of Miss Liberty were enacted in a scene of glory, moving thousands on the boardwalk to bursts of enthusiastic acclaim.

Miss Gruzilla (some name that! Ever seen it before? I haven't) Taylor was the carnival ruler in the ceremonies which carried out the ideal of America's activities toward the triumph of democracy. Bereft of crown and purple, she donned the robes of Liberty. She was then surrounded by her former court ladies, representing the nations of the Allies. A striking tableau was presented, typifying fighting France at the Marne, grim and determined England, desolate but plucky Belgium, free Russia, Cuba, Roumania, Serbia, Italy, Panama, and Japan. The occasion marked a new era in festivals and carnivals.

For the pageant, there were three distinct stage settings. The first revealed a Grecian garden, where the court idlers disported themselves. Into this revel came the Goddess of Reason, who gained audience with the queen and made her plea for the end of autocracy and the freedom of all the people. The scene changed to an Egyptian temple, where Titania beheld the misery war has brought to the fruitful lands of the Allies. Finally, after several harrowing scenes, Titania cries "Enough!" and in the grand finale, declares democratic rule thruout the land.

Kings and queens, it seems, are to prevail no longer, even in the mellowed glow of ancient tradition or pageants. In plain Thanksgiving terms, "Their goose is cooked" on the world war's hot griddle.

* * *

AN interesting proposition to the cities of America that should find a responsive echo in the American heart has been proposed by Alice Neilsen, the opera singer. It is nothing short of adopting the ruined towns of Belgium and France. It is the "mother spirit" breathed in municipal proportions. Briefly putting it, she declares:

"I believe that our sympathy for suffering France and Belgium could be shown in no better way than by every one of our prosperous cities adopting one that was laid in ruins by the Teutons, in the same way as one adopts a forsaken child."

The idea is new. What city will be first to "mother" a war-stricken town?

* * *

FORTY years old and president of the National Biscuit Company! This is the business story of R. E. Tomlinson. He was former general counsel and vice-president, and his rapid rise has been based on sheer merit and hard work. His promotion is a tribute to his executive business genius.

Mr. Tomlinson was born at Oak Park, Chicago, in December, 1877. He was educated at Oak Park schools, and studied law at the University of Wisconsin, from which he graduated in 1901. His keen faculty for cross-examination and getting at facts made him at once efficient in working out business problems.

In 1902 he entered the law office of Mr. A. W. Green, where he received a valuable training from this master lawyer, who was recognized as one of the most brilliant corporation counsels of his time. Mr. Green became president of the National Biscuit Company, and when he came to New York, Mr.

Tomlinson became assistant secretary, general counsel, then vice-president. The wonderful growth and development of this business during his fifteen years of training resulted in a mastery of details and comprehensive knowledge of the scope and character of this fifty-five-million-dollar corporation unequaled among the younger executives of large corporations.

* * *

FAR-REACHING was the work of the Root Commission in Russia. It clarified the understanding of America's attitude toward the Russians working out their great problems. As an expression of appreciation, it brought a response reflected in the welcome of everything "Americansky."

The personnel of the Commission was especially adapted to the delicacy of the mission. Nine representative American experts in almost every phase of American activity—each man strong in individual initiative—carried a unanimous message and brought back a unanimous report.

During the journey there was time for these men to become thoroly acquainted with one another and thoroly considerate of the varying points of view which naturally obtain in domestic questions. The result was a comrade citizenry reflected among themselves, that transcended the bounds of merely American citizenship, but ranged the ideals as citizens of a world democracy, with a vision of what they believed was coming to Russia out of this crisis—with sincere assurance of readiness to help.

Then they came home. It takes more wisdom sometimes to know when to leave than when to come.

On one other thing besides their report the Commission agreed, and that was in having with them Cyrus H. McCormick, president of the International Harvester Company, as a member of the Commission. As executive head of an institution known perhaps better in Russia than any other in America, he was known

to Russia's farmers and peasantry. They recognized his name as being the same that appeared on their repairs and farm machinery—the great helping instrument in the harvest field.

The generous treatment of American salesmanship, in sharp contrast to the rule of czardom, impressed them. They realized that this machinery meant more for the homes and the family, and the dream of their lives was to have a McCormick product, which was associated with their ideals of democracy.

It was evident upon arrival that Mr. McCormick had been many times in Russia, and was on familiar ground immediately he touched Russian soil. A man of practical ideals, with a warm-hearted appreciation of the purposes and conditions, Mr. McCormick, thru his acquaintances, was able to afford the Commission unusual service.

The description of the scenes and incidents of this tour have already become history in these swift-moving times.

* * *

GENERAL KORNILOFF, whose clash with Kerensky is already known as the Korniloff Rebellion, is withal a great figure in Russia. He is a man of untiring energy and infinite courage, as evidenced by his rapid rise.

At thirteen he was keeping goats on the Cossack steppes, and



R. E. TOMLINSON
President of a fifty-five-million-dollar corporation

had not learned to read. Today he speaks fifteen languages and is a *specialist* in Oriental tongues. It was General Korniloff who read the decree of the provisional government to the Czarina Alexandra. Referring to the painful scene, Korniloff declared:

"When I saw the angry, sullen face of the ex-Czarina, I was suddenly reminded of the first visit I had paid her in the same palace after my escape from Austria. I painted the horrible fate of our prisoners, and implored her to intervene for their protection. But while I talked her face grew dark, stern, suspicious, and she finally dismissed me abruptly and very coldly. And now here I was again face to face with her and reading the government decree to her!"

"For a moment she seemed so forlorn and beaten that I was ready to stop, but then again I thought of the cold, inaccessible Empress, the German woman who would hear nothing about the sufferings of our prisoners, and I forced her to listen to every syllable."

* * *

ANESTOR in the development of American advertising is Mr. A. R. Elliott of New York. He served an

apprenticeship as salesman, as itinerant correspondent and newspaper reporter, before he began to crystallize and carry out advertising campaigns which have included customers whose names are household words in this country as well as in Europe. He placed the first advertising of the Borden Condensed Milk Company, when it was a small organization, and has seen this business grow from modest beginnings to gigantic proportions—always keeping a firm hand on the helm and watching for shoals in times of peril. As publisher of the *New York Medical Journal*, one of the prominent medical publications known all over the world, as well as the *American Druggist*, known to all pharmacists, and the *Revista Americana*, his all-Spanish South American publication, he has supplemented his success in the advertising realm.

In the early days, Mr. Elliott was a friend and co-worker of "Brick" Pomeroy and others prominent in newspaper and literary work. He has always stoutly maintained that advertising will become a part of the literature of the times. His hearty enthusiasm and hopefulness have made his work typical of the American genius of the age—in exploiting and developing the acorns into giant oaks of business that have become the bulwarks of power and strength in meeting the crisis of a world war.

* * *

WHEN our soldier boys are utilizing the inherent instinct of baseball in throwing the deadly grenades, it is another revelation of unconscious preparedness being brought into play. Mr. J. Walter Spalding, the surviving senior member of the old firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros., told me an interesting story of how baseball follows the flag. The manager of the Spalding business in France is a woman—an American girl who married a Frenchman by the name of de St. Maurice. She has been given every assistance by the French government in promoting athletic contests in the army. A recent contest between the French troops and the Canadian troops in the great American game resulted in a victory for the Poilus. It developed later that the Frenchmen had corralled an American pitcher to win the game for them.

Not all the supplies going to Europe are made up of guns and ammunition. There are provisions for entertainment and health of mind as well as body. The baseball bat and regulation league ball are a part of every camp equipment, and before the armies return, all Europe will be acquainted with the American national game.

* * *

THERE is something inspiring in the organization of Grand Army men, suggested by Colonel J. F. Camp, of Chicago. It is called the "Illinois Volunteer Training Corps," and is auxiliary to the reserve militia. Organized under the laws of the state by the State Council of Defense, company units are now being formed thruout Illinois, covering every county, and bringing into the ranks a fine lot of men too old for military service, but not too old to make good training officers if necessity arises.

Every week there is a regular two-hour drill for the "old boys." It is estimated that nearly five million men are now being trained in auxiliary reserves and home defence leagues thruout the country, at their own expense and on their own initiative. This indicates the virile soldier-spirit inherent in every American from youth to mature age—always ready to serve his country.

* * *

WHEN the question of building cement ships came up at the Capitol, I thought of Mr. H. E. Hilts, newly-made general manager of the Portland Cement Association. He is qualified to speak the "last word" on the subject of cement construction.

Born in Cobleskill in 1882, Mr. Hilts received his education in the public schools of that town, later entering the preparatory school of Temple University, Philadelphia, and also the Towne Scientific School and Department of Civil Engineering, University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1905. While instructor of civil engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, he brought out a textbook on surveying, railroad surveying and geodesy. During his college course, he spent several summers as rodman in Mexico, as assistant engineer on the Philadelphia and Western Railroad, and as computer, United States Army Engineers.

In 1907, Mr. Hilts entered the service of the New York Central Railroad as draftsman, and soon after became assistant engineer. He designed a number of reinforced concrete railroad bridges of various types, numerous terminal annex buildings, and the first four-track concrete passenger tunnel on the system. In the summer of 1909 Mr.



H. E. HILTS
Recently elected general manager of the Portland Cement Association

Hilts made a detailed report of the grain business at Buffalo, and submitted recommendations covering the construction of a four-million-bushel concrete and steel grain elevator. In the spring of 1910 he made a detailed investigation of the leading stockyards of the East and Middle West, which served as a basis for recommendations involving up-to-date concrete stockyards at East Buffalo.

He joined the forces of the Portland Cement Association as road engineer, handling general association work in the district tributary to the New York office. This assignment continued

until 1915, when he was made district engineer of the San Francisco office. With possibly one exception, Mr. Hilts has been with the Cement Association longer than any of its other men, and he is thoroly familiar with conditions in the East and West. He probably is personally acquainted with more cement men than any other one man—and cement men have a habit of typifying their product in being "good mixers and sticking together."

* * * *

UNCLE SAM'S soldiers and sailors are going to be certain of plenty of recreation during their period of training. The work will be carried on under the direction of the War and Navy Commissions on Training Camp Activities. Song leaders will be placed, as soon as the right leaders can be developed, in all the army cantonments and naval training stations.

The life of the sailor aboard ship is, necessarily, an isolated one, and the plans of the committee that is working to place song leaders in the army and navy camps include the developing of leaders among the men themselves, so that group singing can be carried on aboard ship, after the sailors have left the training stations for actual duty, or while on a short cruise.

An interesting feature of camp singing by the soldiers is the fact that it is not to be restricted to summer months, when out-of-door "sings" may be held. Already in two of the training camps, Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island, where the New York men of the new National army are in training, and at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia, plans are being made for great auditoriums, which will seat more than twenty thousand men. In these auditoriums the larger "sings" will take place, and the auditoriums will also be used for mass instruction and other activities of a communal nature.

Robert Lloyd, singing leader at Fort Niagara, goes out with his men on hike, starting them in song on the way, or teaching them new songs when they halt for a rest.

"The men sing in perfect rhythm when marching," says Mr. Lloyd, "as the accented left foot beat, military fashion, is better than any conductor for keeping time."

In spite of the fact that singing has been recognized as one of the most potent factors in developing unity of spirit, both in land and sea fighting forces, it has not previously been attempted in systematic fashion by any of the warring nations.

A notable list of men prominent in the musical world have laid aside their customary duties to take up the work of leading singing in the camps. Much of the pioneer work last summer was done by Geoffrey O'Hara, at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, Kenneth Clark at the Ambulance Training Corps camp at Allentown, Pennsylvania, Robert Lloyd at the officers' training camps at Fort Niagara. With the mobilization of the new national army,

many of these leaders are taking on new duties, leaving to leaders who are coming in later work in the camps where the singing has been organized. Robert Lloyd has been sent to take charge of the work at Camp Merritt, Tenably, New Jersey, the big embarkation camp; Kenneth Clark is in charge of singing at another of the national army camps, Camp Meade, Annapolis Junction, Maryland, and Mr. O'Hara continues his work at Fort Oglethorpe, where he directs both the work for the regulars in the big camp and the men in training for the officers' reserve corps.

* * * *

WHEN I made a jaunt, with other newspaper men, to Kitty Hawk, Virginia, some years ago, to see the Wright Brothers experiment in flying machines, I will have to confess I thought it was just another dream. We somehow sympathized

with the Dayton boys in their hopes. Tall, lean and lank, the Wright Brothers were too busy for the sympathy, jests, or jibes of the onlookers, too earnest even to hear what was going on about them.

Along the stretch of sand dunes, the world's first aviation field, the flying plane of the Wright boys rose, swept over the ground for a short distance, and then stopped. In that successful experiment the creation of a "heavier than air" machine, which today wars for the freedom of the skies as well as the freedom of the people, was foreshadowed.

To look upon the faces of the nineteenth aerial squadron at the Wilbur Wright Aviation Camp at Dayton, Ohio, was nothing short of an inspiration to one who could recall the days of the Wright Brothers' bicycle shop. At this camp Orville Wright is working night and day, overseeing the training of prospective flyers at the largest war aviation training camp in America.

British, French and Italian aviators are contributing towards the training of our air men. The details of motors used in aeroplanes are more or less of a government secret, but enough had come out to show that the new four-hundred-horse-power liberty motor is nothing short of a revolutionary wonder in the history of aviation.

* * *

IN "Polly with a Past," David Belasco shows his wide versatility in a story of human nature. "Polly" is an ambitious country girl from Gilead, Ohio, who wants to go to Paris to study music, and, finding herself in straightened circumstances, in New York City, she accepts a position as maid in the bachelor apartments of two jolly fellows. The chums try to help a comrade in his effort to win a marble-hearted maiden—and decide to employ Polly to make the unresponsive sweetheart receptive and mellow thru jealousy and wounded vanity.

Accomplished as she is in music and French—learned at Gilead, Ohio—Polly undertakes the role of



Photo by White Studio

INA CLAIRE, AS SHE BEGAN

In "Polly with a Past," a new comedy by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, produced at the Belasco Theatre, New York

impersonating a French countess-adventuress. It works! The play is full of humor and most wonderful situations, besides being a keen analysis of love in all stages. Polly catches the French dialect and knows just how to wear the chic French clothes, but when the marble-hearted maiden is won, Rex finds that in playing his part, Polly has become his real love. Of course the audience and you and I would have it no other way.

Find a flaw in Belasco's impersonation, interpretation, costuming, characterization, or staging, and it will be microscopic. "Polly with a Past" already has her legion of admirers, who heartily agree that Mr. Belasco has mastered human nature in its most rollicking as well as serious mood. There is enough of tragic suggestion, if given reality, to make it abiding.

In "Tiger Rose," Willard Mack tells a story of the Northwest. One who has been there can feel the very atmosphere of the Northland, as he could feel the sunshine in "The Girl of the Golden West." In the production of this play, David



Photo by White Studio

INA CLAIRE AS POLLY, AFTER THE METAMORPHOSIS



INA CLAIRE

Who plays the leading and title roles in David Belasco's latest dramatic production, "Polly with a Past," marking her initial appearance in other than stellar musical roles

Belasco has again achieved a unique triumph, this time portraying Nature in its wildest and most curious moods, on the far frontier, with a touch of domestic glow and warmth of the factor's home.

Little Lenore Ulric in that *naivete* of French dialect with which she carries on her little tigerish combats, is a new creation in drama. It is all so real and refreshing that one follows the fortunes of the little waif of the West, the wild rose of the frontier, with close interest, which is also shared in the dear old Scotchman, her guardian and godfather. A heart-touching tenderness floods the feelings as he seeks to protect her from harm, and help her in her passionate devotion to her lover. The play runs the gamut of human emotion and the spectator experiences in turn the feelings possible to the human heart. Every dramatic hue and shade of Nature's moods are seemingly utilized as part of the play.

In these two new offerings, Mr. Belasco has found the common denominator of heart touch.

NEVER in the history of newspaperdom has a greater story been written than that cabled to America by J. W. Pegler, United Press correspondent. America's heartbeats quickened and tears filled its eyes as it read his wonderful account of France's tribute to the first American dead. Written in a simple, vivid style, it is a document that will find a place in thousands of scrap books. So worthy is it of a place in the annals of the present war that we reproduce it here:

American Field Headquarters, France, Nov. 8.—American artillerymen sent a salvo of shells whistling over to Boche land as the farewell volley marking the burial of America's first dead from the firing line. It was fitting, in the opinion of those whose eyes glistened with tears thruout the simple but dramatic funeral services, that the volley which marks the last farewell should have been fired, not by a squad and with blank cartridges, but by American gunners shooting the great French seventy-fives and speeding each shell with a prayer that it would find its mark among the enemy.

The coffins of America's first dead in action were draped in the folds of the flag for which they died. Comrades bore them to the center of a hollow square—formed by American soldiers and veteran French troops.

From the massed ranks there stepped a French general. He walked straight to the three coffins, reverently hesitating at the first. Then he stiffened to the salute, doffed his cap, bowed his face, lined as tho the remains before him were of his own children.

"Private Enright," he said, softly, as he bowed before the nearest bier, "and Private Gresham"—and he turned to the second—"and Private Hay"—and he turned still further to face the third coffin:

"In the name of France, I bid you farewell. Of your own free will you left your happy, prosperous country, and took your place by our side.

"You fell facing the foe in hard, in desperate, hand-to-hand fight."

The general hesitated a moment, looked at each of the three flag-draped coffins, and then turned.

"All honor to them," he continued, "their families should be proud to learn of their deaths.

"We of France ask that the mortal remains of these young men be left with us forever.

"We will inscribe on their tombs:

"Here lie the first United States soldiers to fall on French soil for liberty and justice."

"Passersby will uncover their heads to their graves; men

of heart visiting the battlefield will go out of their way to bring their tribute of respect and gratitude.

"Private Enright, Private Gresham, Private Hay—in the name of France I thank you. May God receive your souls. Farewell!"

A great volley of seventy-fives crashed the final volley of farewell thru the leaden, rain-soaked air. Then stalwart American soldiers, tears trickling down their faces, lowered their comrades' remains and covered them over with the soil for which they fought and died.

No one who saw the simple ceremony will ever forget it. Thruout, the rain drizzled dismally. The tone of shrieking shells passing thru the air sang the soldiers' final requiem.

* * * *

A LONG, lank, good-natured man, who wears a soft hat and an easy smile, answering to the name of Charles F. Horner, with a permanent postoffice address at Kansas City, managed a notable speaking campaign from the Treasury Building in the Liberty Loan campaign. Mr. Horner was formerly a cowboy and knows the ropes like a book, which is evidenced by his success in lassoing big speakers, as he does on the Kansas Chautauqua circuit. In charge of the speakers at the Bureau of the National Democratic Committee at Chicago in 1912, he made a record that resounded with victory. Called back for the same work in 1916, it seemed to work the same way.

Acquaintances agree that Charlie Horner is one of the most lovable fellows in the world, and little Jack Horner never deserved more plums in his pie. He enjoys the work in his Institute of Fine Arts at Kansas City, as if he were just enjoying a continuous holiday, when he arrives home. Music, drama, and languages are taught in the institute he founded, and it is there that about seven hundred students gather under the inspiration of the genius of Charles F. Horner.

In sympathy with all philanthropic movements, Mr. Horner is especially interested in child welfare work, and is the proud president of the American Bay League. As the directing genius of four hundred Chautauquans, he has become a power in molding Kansas opinion—some job. While he is the director of two or three banks, he insists that his chief distinction to public favor now lies in the fact that he is a real farmer—a producer of products from the soil. Insistent upon having a good time most of the time, because he is always doing things, Horner has proved the proposition that doing something for others represents the real net gain in life. (Continued on page 42.)

OUR THIRTY-TWO WAR CITIES—WHO'S WHERE AND WHERE'S WHO

Name of Camp	Location	Division	Commander	Troops from
Wadsworth	Calvert, six miles southwest of Spartanburg, S. C.	Twenty-seventh	Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan	New York State
Hancock	Wheelless, near Augusta, Ga.	Twenty-eighth	Maj. Gen. Charles M. Clement	Guard from Pennsylvania
McClellan	U. S. Military Reservation, near Anniston, Ala.	Twenty-ninth	Maj. Gen. C. G. Morton	N. J., Del., Va., Md., and Dist. of Columbia
Sevier	Near Greenville, S. C.	Thirtieth	Maj. Gen. J. F. Morrison	Tenn., N. C., S. C., and Dist. of Columbia
Wheeler	Seven miles from Macon, Ga.	Thirty-first	Maj. Gen. F. J. Kernan	Georgia, Alabama, and Florida
MacArthur	Waco, Tex.	Thirty-second	Maj. Gen. James Parker	Michigan and Wisconsin
Logan	Five miles from Houston, Tex.	Thirty-third	Maj. Gen. George Bell, Jr.	Illinois
Cody	Deming, New Mexico	Thirty-fourth	Maj. Gen. A. P. Blockson	Neb., Ia., So. Dak., and Minn.
Doniphan	U. S. Military Reservation, Fort Sill, Okla.	Thirty-fifth	Maj. Gen. W. M. Wright	Missouri and Kansas
Bowie	Fort Worth, Tex.	Thirty-sixth	Maj. Gen. E. St. J. Gre. Jr.	Texas and Oklahoma
Sheridan	Three miles from Montgomery, Ala.	Thirty-seventh	Maj. Gen. C. G. Treet	Ohio
Shelby	Ten miles south of Hattiesburg, Miss.	Thirty-eighth	Maj. Gen. W. H. Sage	Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia
Beauregard	Five miles from Alexandria, La.	Thirty-ninth	Maj. Gen. H. C. Hodges	Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana
Kearny	Fifteen miles north of San Diego, Cal.	Fortieth	Maj. Gen. F. S. Strong	California, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado
Fremont	Near Charlotte, N. C.	Forty-first	Maj. Gen. H. Liggett	Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming
Mills	Mineola, Long Island, N. Y.	Forty-second ("Rainbow")	Maj. Gen. William A. Mann	Units from twenty-seven states
Devens	Ayer, Mass.	Seventy-sixth	Maj. Gen. H. F. Hodges	Me., N. H., Vt., Mass., Conn., R. I., and N. Y.
Upton	Yaphank, Long Island, N. Y.	Seventy-seventh	Maj. Gen. J. F. Bell	New York, including New York City
Dix	Wrightstown, N. J.	Seventy-eighth	Maj. Gen. Chase W. Kennedy	New Jersey, Delaware, and New York
Meade	Admiral, Md.	Seventy-ninth	Maj. Gen. J. E. Kuhn	District of Columbia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania
Lee	Three miles from Petersburg, Va.	Eightieth	Maj. Gen. A. Cronkhite	Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania
Jackson	Five miles from Columbia, S. C.	Eighty-first	Maj. Gen. F. H. French	So. Carolina, No. Carolina, Florida, and Porto Rico
Gordon	Thirteen miles northeast of Atlanta, Ga.	Eighty-second	Maj. Gen. Eben Swift	Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee
Sherman	Three miles from Chillicothe, Ohio	Eighty-third	Maj. Gen. E. F. Glynn	Ohio and Pennsylvania
Taylor	Dumessil, seven miles from Louisville, Ky.	Eighty-fourth	Maj. Gen. H. C. Hale	Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois
Custer	Four miles west of Battle Creek, Mich.	Eighty-fifth	Maj. Gen. J. T. Dickman	Michigan and Wisconsin
Grant	Four miles from Rockford, Ill.	Eighty-sixth	Maj. Gen. Thomas H. Barry	Illinois
Pike	Eight miles northwest of Little Rock, Ark.	Eighty-seventh	Maj. Gen. S. D. Sturgis	Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama
Dodge	Eleven miles north of Des Moines, Ia.	Eighty-eighth	Maj. Gen. E. H. Plummer	North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, and Illinois
Funston	Four miles east of Fort Riley, Kan.	Eighty-ninth	Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood	Kan., Mo., So. Dak., Neb., Colo., N. M., and Ariz.
Travis	Adjoining the U. S. Military Reservation at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex.	Ninetieth	Maj. Gen. H. T. Allen	Texas and Oklahoma
Lewis	American Lake, 16 miles south of Tacoma, Wash.	Ninety-first	Maj. Gen. H. A. Greene	Alaska, Wash., Ore., Cal., Idaho, Nev., Mont., Wyo., and Utah

The Man Who Discovered Himself

by

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON



YEAR later Jim Marshall was seated in a sumptuously-furnished lawyer's office in the city of Phoenix, Arizona. Mahogany desk, table, and chairs, a fine red Turkish rug, a handsome bookcase containing a compact legal library, all suggested good taste combined with opulence. Jim had a big calf-bound volume before him on the desk, and while he read, he made occasional notations on a sheet of paper by his side. His attitude was a studious one; he was intent on his occupation, altho not alone in the room.

A man in his shirt sleeves and wearing an apron was quietly painting an inscription on the glass panel of the door. His task was almost completed, for he opened the door and read the lettering from the outside to assure himself that everything was correct. Still leaving the door open, he approached the desk, deferentially.

"Would you kindly glance at this, sir? I think it is all right."

Jim rose, crossed the room, and read the inscription:

— 205 —

COLLIER AND MARSHALL
Attorneys-At-Law

MR. JAMES MARSHALL
PRIVATE

Inquire at General Offices, Room 204

Jim spelled over the words and assented that everything was in order. The man gathered up his pot of paint, mahlstick, and other belongings, and withdrew, closing the door behind him. Jim remained standing near the middle of the room. His eyes were still on the now reversed lettering. A smile of satisfaction broke over his countenance, and he murmured to himself, half-aloud:

"Well, well, wonders will never cease! To think that I, once the absolute down-and-outer, am now a full-fledged attorney, admitted to practice at the bar, partner of such a man as Ledgerwood Collier. Four years at Submarine, four years on the rancho, one year here—nine years in all. Just one year more, then the term of my ordeal will be completed. Won't Miriam be amazed—delighted, I should say, too—when she beholds me so completely transformed?"

He moved over to the mantel and surveyed himself in the mirror, not with any thought of vanity, but in a spirit of thankful contentment. The intellectual-looking, clean-shaven face, rotund and full, yet with clearly-cut features; the broad shoulders; the proudly erect carriage; the immaculate collar and necktie—the latter with a single pearl for stickpin; the abundant hair peppered with the gray that gave an added touch of dignity to his presence—all might have made any man on the borderland of sixty proud of himself. But Jim's heart was only filled with gratitude to the divine Providence that had restored him to health and raised him to abundant prosperity, and while he surveyed the personage in the mirror, he was contrasting it with the well-remembered picture he had presented nine years before—the emaciated cheeks, hollow eyes, scanty locks, stooping shoulders—the shrinking, apologetic, timid mien of the man who knows himself to be both a physical and a social derelict.

Just a little over a year ago, Jim Marshall had transferred his personal belongings from the rancho to the state capital of Arizona. He had come there with only vaguely-defined intentions. But he knew that the climate would suit him—the dry desert climate that had restored him to perfect health

and to which he was determined to stick for the rest of his days. Then he felt sure that he would find congenial companionship of a higher intellectual quality than was possible out on the desert. It was Ned Collier's father, however, who was the real lodestone that had drawn him to Phoenix.

During the days at Submarine, Ned had spoken so frequently, fondly, and admiringly of his "dear old dad" that Jim had seemed to know him well before they met. And Ledgerwood Collier, when the two men at last came to clasp hands, declared that he already counted Jim Marshall as an intimate friend, for Ned's letters had told him all about his scholarship, fine thoughts, and splendid influence on the lad himself during the period of their comradeship. Ned had long ago informed his father of the solemn promise he had exacted from Jim that the latter should some day journey to Phoenix and make the acquaintance of his parents. So the visit was counted simply as the payment of a long overdue debt, and Jim was promptly transferred from the hotel where he had taken up quarters to the hospitable Collier home.

There, during the two weeks of his visit, he delighted both the mother and the father with his reminiscences, and accumulated news about their son. For altho Ned and Jim had been parted all these years, the weekly interchange of letters had never been interrupted. And Jim was really Ned's one confidant, so he was able to tell the old folks at home some things they had not known before.

They had already been made acquainted with Ned's engagement to Bessie Gordon. Jim felt quite empowered and competent to expatiate on the beauty of the young lady, her charms and accomplishments, her splendid voice, her mastery of the piano. He even described Bessie's mother in flattering terms—her social distinction, her genius for painting, her well-balanced mind that had made her quite a leader among the women of the West. Then Bernice and Burn Hopkins were also referred to approvingly, and the impression left on the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Ledgerwood Collier was that their son Ned was a lucky fellow indeed, marrying into such a distinguished family.

* * * *

The incident that the dead father, Marsh Gordon, was never referred to during these conversations inflicted no selfish pang on Jim Marshall. His face always glowed with pleasure when he was singing the praises of Miriam, Bernice, and Bessie. The Colliers were just a trifle jealous that Ned had sent to him so much more detailed information than to them. But Jim explained it all with that wonderfully sweet smile of his and the endearingly spoken words: "Ah, but Ned and I were chums—we are yet—real chums." And the man's great love for the boy, that so obviously filled his soul, endeared him greatly to Ned's parents.

Early during the visit Ledgerwood Collier had discovered to his surprise that Jim Marshall's favorite reading nowadays was law, and that he already possessed a small but useful library of legal books, the careful study of which was made manifest by the marginal notes and the underscores that were present on nearly every page. This had prompted an almost random remark by the attorney:

"Man alive, why don't you take to the law? You are already better equipped than many men I know practising today at the Arizona bar."

The seed had been sown on fertile ground; it quickly germinated.

"How long before I could be admitted to the practice of law in the State of Arizona?" inquired Jim the very next morning.

"Oh, you must have been a resident in the state for a full year before you can take the examination. So you will have to wait till the expiry of that period. But I do believe you could pass the examination right away, after just a little study, perhaps, of the actual practice of the law."

This conversation had had quite momentous results. Jim became a student of law in Mr. Collier's own office, assiduously reading, working on cases, and preparing briefs under the attorney's guidance, altho not, of course, taking any active part in the trials; also attending the law courts regularly as a keenly interested listener and watcher of procedure.

At the end of a year he had passed the required examination with flying colors and been admitted to the bar. The first result of this was the inscription that had just been painted on the glass panel: "COLLIER AND MARSHALL: ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW." For the two men, now fast friends, had entered into partnership immediately Jim was qualified so to do.

There had been a little discussion about the name "Jim." Its owner clung to it tenaciously for a time, but ultimately a decision had been arrived at that "James" was the only possible form to appear upon an attorney's office door and professional card. So Jim Marshall had at last blossomed forth as "Mr. James Marshall," altho to all his friends and associates he remained just plain and simple "Jim." The abbreviated name was the badge of his popularity, the seal of the affection which his personality inspired in every quarter where he made acquaintances.

Jim had turned from the mirror and was settling himself once more at his desk when Ledgerwood Collier entered the room by the side door communicating with the general offices. He was a handsome, florid, distinguished-looking man, perhaps just a few years older than his new partner.

"Hello, Jim," Collier began, "I have been signing a check for that painter fellow. So you've hung out your shingle at last"—pointing to the door. "Congratulations, and all good luck, old fellow!"

Jim had risen and, taking the proffered hand, responded with a fervent grasp.

"Yes, I'm feeling fairly launched on my new career. Thanks for your kind words. But I owe everything to you, Collier, as regards this law business. It is you who have helped me over all difficulties."

"Stuff and nonsense! Instead of congratulating you, Jim, in point of fact I should be congratulating myself. Almost from the start here, you became indispensable to me. While you have been nominally attending school, you have prepared scores of cases for me better than I could have done for myself. You have thus enabled me to get into the political game in a way that would have been impossible otherwise. And now that you are a full-fledged partner, my hands during the coming year will be freer still. Walter Bacon assures me that I'll carry the state for Governor. He had a telegram last night from Prescott saying that the party there is solid for me, and I know myself that only another rousing meeting in Douglas is required to swing the voters of that county into line. I'm just telling you this, Jim, to show you how most of the court work will fall on your shoulders until the election is over. I must be up and doing and beating around, all the time."

Jim smiled pleasedly.

"I'm glad of your confidence, Collier. You know I'll do my best to help you, both as regards the firm's work and also to secure your nomination. I do believe," Jim went on with a smile, "there is a little bit of the war-horse in me, after all. Did you hear me cheering you last night? It was certainly a great speech you gave us. I forgot that I wasn't at a baseball game."

Both men laughed.

"Which reminds me, Jim, that we are due at the Elks' gathering to night. You haven't forgotten about your election, have you? And I hope you've profited by the private tip I gave you, to be ready with a few appropriate remarks after your initiation—about the flag, you, know, and so forth."

"I have never been accustomed to public speaking," replied Jim, in a somewhat diffident tone. But his look quickly brightened. "However, as an attorney now, I am committed to the game. And, somehow, I'm not afraid."

"No need to be, that's certain," remarked his partner. "Well, I'll come round to your hotel just before seven. We'll go together to the hall. Remember, it's a dress affair. Oh, you'll meet a jolly bunch of good fellows and have a great night."

James Marshall now occupied a fine suite of rooms in the best hotel in town. There he was enabled to live comfortably and on occasion to entertain his friends, without any of the worries of bachelor housekeeping.

By seven o'clock he was in evening clothes and ready for his friend and sponsor to the brotherhood of Elks.

It proved a notable event for the new member. After his initiation with his class of novitiates, and the various secret ceremonies appertaining thereto, just as Collier had discreetly warned him, the new members were called upon for a few words. When Jim's turn came, he spoke without notes, with no labored signs of preparation, just simply and naturally, yet with an inspired eloquence that held his audience spellbound. His beautiful, well-trained voice of the old singing days had long since returned, and it was with the finely-modulated, rotund notes of a born orator that he gave expression to the sentiments that animate all true Elks. His speech was punctuated by cheers, while his peroration evoked a veritable whirlwind of applause. It was couched in the following terms:

Friendship between man and man is the underlying principle of this great organization—the inspiration, the motive that impelled the founding of the Order of Elks, an institution that within a few brief years has so commended itself to American manhood that its lodges are now to be found thruout the length and breadth of our beloved country, and have followed the national flag into our distant overseas possessions.

An organization—a brotherhood—which has appealed to the highest intelligence and spoken to the hearts of men, loyal American citizens, in accents of truth and wisdom, is certainly entitled to our devotion and to the respect of mankind universal. Friendship, my brothers, has ever contributed to the highest ideals of honor and to the development of the sublimest qualities of the soul. Friendship is the genius of all greatness, humanity, and progress; indeed, it is a "something" that pulses in the heart rather than a sentiment that can be defined by words.

I have sometimes thought that if we could place in our souls a harp so delicately attuned that every gale of passion, of hope, of sorrow, of love and of joy could sweep over its chords, then we would hear, in low, plaintive whisperings, the melody of friendship's sweetest song; and from what I have witnessed here tonight, methinks that every good Elk has a harp within his soul and likewise a soul within his harp.

Within my hands I hold an emblem which you have given me tonight. Let us not forget the sacrifices our forefathers made for this priceless talisman, this thing of beauty and joy forever, symbol of freedom, ensign of liberty—our glorious and immaculate flag.

Jim was not aware that his address had been taken down in shorthand by the secretary of the lodge, who happened to be also an official reporter at the law courts. No sooner had the speaker resumed his seat than a motion was put to the assemblage that "the splendid oration to which we have just listened"—so ran the words of the resolution—should be printed and sent to the members of every lodge of Elks in Arizona.

There was, naturally, widespread newspaper publicity as well, and in this way it came about that the name of James Marshall, the new law partner of the already celebrated Ledgerwood Collier, popular candidate for the governorship, was soon known in all important centers of population thruout the state. In Phoenix, his home for over a year, he had already established his reputation as a man of high ability, of indubitable rectitude, and—perhaps not the least important consideration—of abundant means.

Before coming to Phoenix, Jim, thru the medium of his good friend, Banker O'Meara, had discreetly and wisely—notwithstanding the high rates of interest in the Far West—converted three hundred thousand dollars of his cash into United States Government bonds. While these bonds earned only a comparatively moderate income as compared with many

western gilt-edged investments, he might have made with but little speculative risk, nevertheless he had the satisfaction of knowing that his securities were absolute, and his interest punctually paid at regular intervals and in amount far exceeding his personal requirements.

Even then, with nearly one hundred thousand dollars made up from the accumulated profits of the rancho and the balance of the sale price of stock and land, he was one of the wealthiest citizens of Phoenix, keeping, from motives of fairness and shrewd policy, a substantial credit balance at every bank in the city, always ready to give liberal financial backing to any local enterprise of reasonable promise, and never hesitating—so it came to be said, altho he himself divulged nothing about such matters—to bestow generous help on those who were down in their luck or temporarily embarrassed.

One of his early local investments had been in eighty acres of orchard land just beyond the city limits, a fine property on which he intended eventually to build a home. Meanwhile a skilled manager was in charge. A novel feature of this place was a "Travelers' Rest House," as Jim called it. Here the tramp, willing to work, was given good accommodation, board and pay, helped to a permanent job if he desired and deserved it, or passed on his way with a few honestly-earned dollars in his pocket.

Thus within the single year of his residence in Arizona, James Marshall—with no deliberate effort on his part and almost unbeknown to himself—had spread his fame far and wide, among rich and poor alike. The well-to-do looked upon him as a buttress of strength to the whole community; the down-and-outers as a veritable godsend—the true humanitarian, the kindly helper in many cases to recovered self-respect and a new start in life. So his name was blessed, in the very fullest meaning of the good old Scriptural phrase.

The reason some men tower so high above their fellows is that they are possessed of that peculiar combination of brain and heart that causes them almost unconsciously to stoop down, even to the grass roots of humanity, sharing in their hopes and fears, and sympathizing, at all times, with the humble and oppressed.

The New Governor of Arizona

Within a very few weeks after his admission to legal practice, James Marshall had fully established his reputation as a lawyer—indeed he had leaped into the position of one of the acknowledged leaders at the Phoenix bar.

With him, however, the mere earning of money or professional fame was quite a secondary consideration. He had not only become greatly attached to Ledgerwood Collier on the latter's own account, but deep down in Jim's heart there lurked the feeling of loyalty to Ned—the very feeling that had, almost unconsciously to himself, brought him to Phoenix. To Ned Collier, who, away out there on the desert, had taken him in and made a comrade of him in the hour of direst distress, he owed everything he possessed. Ned needed no help, and had shown himself too proudly sensitive to accept anything, even suggesting repayment for the priceless services he had rendered.

But for Jim there was a way out. Ned loved his father, held him in highest admiration, would count any triumph for "the old man" as a triumph for himself, the son. So anything done for Ledgerwood Collier would be done for Ned. Along this line of reasoning Jim saw a chance partly to discharge his debt of gratitude—not from any petty motive of freeing himself from the sense of obligation, but out of loyal love for the youth who had been his aid and benefactor.

Therefore as the time for the nomination of candidates at the ensuing election drew near, Jim freed his hands by declining a number of court cases, and, to the delight of Ledgerwood Collier, announced his intention of stumping the state with him and rendering the fullest help possible. Collier had come to know the wonderful magnetic influence of this man. The voluntary offer really anticipated a request he had been on the point of venturing, and it was most gladly accepted.

In every town they visited, James Marshall's name was already more or less known, and it only required one of his pungent, vigorous addresses from the rostrum to win for him enthusiastic and assured popularity. At first, from the old shyness born of a naturally retiring disposition, he had wanted to be only a supporter of the candidate—to leave Ledgerwood Collier and the other trained party leaders the oratorical prominence that was rightfully theirs. But when Collier had promptly discovered that Marshall could sway an audience as could no other man in his following—could, at will, rouse them to frantic enthusiasm or hush them to no less impressive stillness—he was well content to thrust this new recruit to his cause right into the forefront of the battle line. Collier had no spark of jealousy



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in his make-up. He had his own individual ambitions, naturally. But it was for his party and its political faith that he was fighting, and the most effective weapon for the achievement of victory was the one weapon to be employed, irrespective of all personal considerations.

Another qualification for public speaking and one that added immeasurably to Marshall's reputation was brilliant swiftness in repartee and the happy knack of coining a phrase that was quite liable to be quoted by the newspaper press as an epigram and to pass from lip to lip around the town for many days subsequent to its utterance. For example, on one occasion he was heckled on the platform by an elector notoriously interested in wildcat speculation in oil lands. "Will your candidate support legislation for oil-drilling by the state?" asked the individual, Dennis Murphy by name, supplementing his question by the breezy and unconventional remark that it would be "a devil of a fine thing for Arizona." "Perhaps it might, Mr. Murphy," replied Marshall suavely, "but allow

me to remind you that there is a devil of a distance between a derrick and a dividend." The audience roared with laughter, which was echoed next day thruout the state when the quick retort was made a head-liner in nearly every newspaper. And many of his utterances gained similar wide publicity because of their depth of thought and the truth they contained. "An unreasonable hope in politics is better than reasoned-out national despair"—such an aphorism of optimism provided food for reflection long after a meeting had dispersed. And there were few of Jim's orations but were similarly gemmed with sayings worth while to be placed in the storehouse of memory.

So it quickly came about that James Marshall found himself in universal demand as a speaker for his party thruout the state. The campaign proceeded strenuously, and Jim, who at the outset had modestly suggested to his friend that perhaps he might have "a little bit of the war-horse in him after all," had soon abundantly proved that he was a fighter thru and thru, a gifted orator—a leader of men, a power to be reckoned with and relied upon in the hour of emergency.

In due time the county conventions were completed and delegates elected to the great state convention to be held at Phoenix. At this assemblage there were at the outset only two nominations—the one Ledgerwood Collier, the other a well-known party leader who had once before filled the gubernatorial chair. It had been previously agreed that only a two-thirds majority would nominate. The first ballot showed that the votes were almost evenly divided between the contestants.

Then followed one of those obstinate and prolonged tugs-of-war so characteristic of American politics. Neither side would yield an inch. Ballot after ballot was taken—adjournment after adjournment was made, only for the convention, on its re-assembling, to re-ballot in stubborn fashion—with the result still unchanged. This deadlock continued for three whole days. No breach in the ranks of either faction was visible—the chance of effecting such a breach appeared to be hopeless. Not even physical exhaustion could weaken the dogged resolve to make no surrender in this hotly-contested political fight.

It was the third night of the convention, and the hour was late—close upon eleven o'clock. Both contestants had retired to their homes, worn out with the ceaseless buttonholing, the attacks and counter-attacks, the prolonged and heated arguments, which each time proved so utterly unprofitable as regards actual results. If the truth were to be confessed, the two rivals, altho stalwart party men, were about tired of the whole business, and ready, by individual sacrifice, for the benefit of the party, to accept any suggestion that might bring the deadlock to an end. And a dark-horse candidate began to be whispered about the corridors as perhaps the only solution possible.

The chairman was about to accept a motion of adjournment to the following day, when suddenly a close friend of Collier's opponent claimed the attention of the convention. He was one of the most noted men in the state, an excellent speaker, a citizen of unimpeachable reputation and wide influence. So he had no difficulty in holding the meeting in a perfect calm when, by way of introduction, he eloquently lauded the principle of party loyalty and unity. But, he went on, there were occasions when, in the interest of the party, all personal considerations must be waived and the spirit of compromise be manifested. After briefly reviewing the splendid attributes of the two candidates—his own particular friend, the former Governor, and the Hon. Ledgerwood Collier—he moved that some third individual be nominated, someone not so closely identified with party fighting, and therefore likely to be acceptable to both rival groups of delegates and also to the electors of the state as a whole. In this way, he suggested, Arizona would secure a Governor acceptable to all its citizens, and within the party itself political asperities would be softened, political wounds healed, during his tenure of office.

This able address had been received with much cheering, showing that ground had at least been broken for a solution

of the difficulty. But before the motion could be seconded, James Marshall sprang to his feet. He climbed on top of his chair, so that he might be better seen, and, when the time came, better heard. For a moment he stood with squared shoulders and arms resolutely folded across his breast. His seat happened to be right in the center of the hall, and all eyes were quickly turned in his direction. His popularity and his commanding presence united to secure for him instant and respectful attention.

He began with a slow, plain, straightforward summary of the issues that had resulted in this bitter contest. The speaker's enunciation was clear and distinct—the voice at first calm, but gradually rising as statement changed to appeal. And soon Jim's soul was afire, and he blazed forth with an intensity and argumentative forcefulness that swept everything before him. The audience hung upon his every word, and at the close rose in a body to shout their approval.

The message of James Marshall had been to point out the unfairness of permitting anyone to withdraw the name of Ledgerwood Collier in his absence, even tho the supporters of the other candidate might indicate their readiness to capitulate on the terms that had been suggested.

"No, no, no!" Marshall had emphatically declared, "a man who has stood in the forefront of Arizona development, has borne the brunt of Arizona politics for more than twenty-five years, such a man should not be deserted during his absence. He should be here to take part in the deliberations with a chance to fight to the finish, fairly and in the open, as you all know Ledgerwood Collier has always fought. The silvered locks of the veteran have been silvered in the cause of Arizona's progress, in the cause of your political faith, and it would be but a small tribute of the convention's esteem to postpone the question that has now been raised and adjourn until the morning."

As the original question had not had time to find a seconder, James Marshall's amendment, seconded by a dozen voices, became the only resolution before the meeting. The chairman promptly asked for a rising vote, and soon after declared the motion for adjournment carried unanimously.

Next morning the leading newspaper of the city devoted all its energies toward finding a way out of the *impasse*. The entire front page was occupied with an article that pronounced the nomination of either Ledgerwood Collier or his opponent to be now a proved impossibility. In the interests both of the party and of the state, some third candidate must be found. Then, after a reference to James Marshall's splendid speech on the preceding night, it went on boldly to pronounce that "he and no other was the obvious man of the hour, the man unfettered by factional bonds—comparatively a newcomer to Arizona, but all the more acceptable in the emergency that had arisen, precisely because of this fact—a man of successful achievement, of proved ability, of highest honor; in brief, a man who would be an ornament to the state and the ideal leader to guide its destinies to still more glorious achievements." And this fervid recommendation was emphasized by a picture of James Marshall right in the center of the page.

On reading the article, Jim was almost prostrated from shame and mortification. What could Ledgerwood Collier think but that this was an act of treachery and ingratitude perpetrated by the friend and partner in whom he had reposed such full and implicit trust? Altho the hour was still very early, Jim hurried away to the Collier home.

He found the candidate for nomination on the veranda, placidly reading the newspaper and sipping a cup of coffee at the same time. Collier arose and, laughingly throwing down the paper held out his hand.

But before taking it, Jim poured forth his assurances that he had done nothing to inspire such an editorial, that he had been simply astounded when he read it, that he would never be a candidate and would refuse the nomination were it tendered to him.

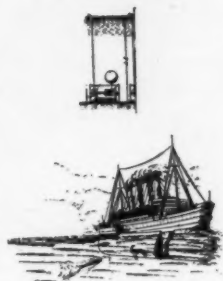
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War-time Inventions

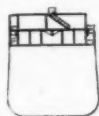
The Works of Genius Inspired by the Trend of the Times



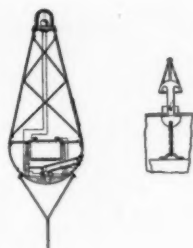
As a protection against submarines, Giovanni Elia, of Italy, has designed this device, which is practically an elaboration of the bulk-head idea, employing vacuum chambers instead of air. Mr. Elia has also patented a submarine mine, which may be anchored at the bottom and adjusted at a pre-determined distance from the water's surface.



Seraphim Ouimet, of Canada, comes thru with a two-piece vessel, while the balance of the world swings to union suits. It is practically a buoyant deck house which is automatically released in the event of the vessel's sinking.



To salvage safes from sunken ships, Henry Lotz, of Rhode Island, plans an arrangement whereby a safe is placed within a compartment which opens upward. Attached to the safe is a cable with a buoy at one end, which is coiled on deck. If the ship sinks, the buoy is released, and the safe may be hoisted without diving for it.



Also recorded to Mr. Lotz' credit is a nautical "Here Lies" designed to indicate the resting-place of a sunken ship. It is a light buoy, the light maintained by a battery within the buoy, which operates automatically, lighting only when the buoy is in an upright position.



Destruction on the installment plan is the aim of this shell, which explodes successive charges from one fuse. It has been patented by Thomas S. Miller, of Iowa.



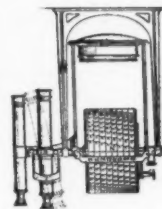
From the Quaker State comes Lester P. Barlow, with an aerial hand-grenade, which is apparently designed to penetrate and explode after the entrance is made. It is primarily a development of the after-impact-exploding idea, making for more thoro destruction than obtains otherwise.



A spherical hand-grenade, with several firing pins which communicate with the center where the charge is located, has been invented by John D. Hamilton, an Englishman. The United States troops should feel perfectly at home bombing Hun

dugouts with this device, since its similarity to a baseball is one of its distinguishing features.

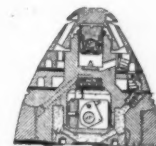
A range-finder and speed indicator for aircraft has been thought up by Charles D. Miller, of South Carolina. He believes it will compute distance correctly and find the range, taking the speed of the machine into consideration.



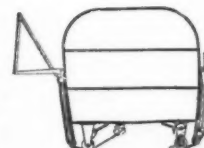
The proposition of resilient armor employs what would seem to be a sound scientific principle. The most effective armor used during the Civil War was an arrangement of swinging iron chains hung close together some little distance outboard. Salvador M. Almenqual, of Pennsylvania, has patented a system employing this principle, apparently adapted to light armor.



A firing pin released by centrifugal force so that on impact the mechanism is ready to perform its function, is a development of shrapnel firing fuse offered by A. J. Saygers and John F. George, of Pennsylvania. It is doubtless calculated to prevent premature explosion, for only the swift rotation of the shell after it is fired will release the pin.

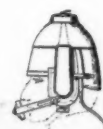


Many minds are working overtime to effectively combat the depredations of the submarine. This scheme, devised by Julius Levy, of Maryland, seems to consist of a screen arrangement, which may be lowered or hoisted by means of blocks and pulleys.



A respectful suggestion may not be out of place here. If the prodigious brain power which is concentrating upon means of protection from submarines, should concern itself with the extermination of these purveyors of frightfulness, we venture to predict that the days of the U-boat would be short, sweet—and strenuous.

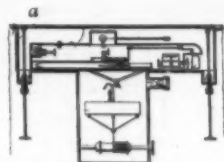
Flying Telephone Exchange, or Stringing Wires on the Human Head without Aid of Linemen. How's that for a thriller title? One of the things on earth—and heaven—which Horatio's philosophy never dreamed of, is this helmet for aviators, with telephone attachment. The receiver is at the top and connected with the ear flaps by an air passage. The



mouthpiece is suspended in position. This device is the brain child of Jesse Lee Spence, of New York.

This device, employing the microphone, for receiving and transmitting sub-aqueous sounds, has been patented by Francois Van Esbroeck, of England.

A submarine (a) which carries a fleet of small undersea craft—otherwise pups—has been planned by Alphonse

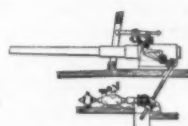
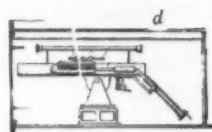
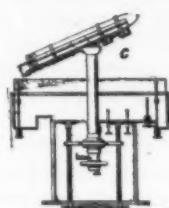
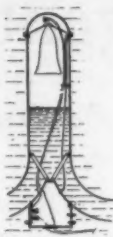


Fernandez, of Washington, D. C., who has patented several other ingenious devices. He has taken the Biblical admonition of "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out," and put it to practical use in a submarine design (b). Should any damage come to the superstructure, it can be cast off and the rest of the boat escape unharmed. His torpedo-launching apparatus (c) employs springs in its construction, and he hopes to destroy mines by the use of a gun (d), also using springs as a firing agent.

Admiral Fiske has made another contribution to the efficiency of the United States Navy, in an automatic gun-pointer, which he has invented in collaboration with Elmer A. Sperry, of New York. The contrivance is so arranged that when the sight is moved, the gun moves also. To tabulate the devices used in the mechanism would require a super-technical mind.

Darkness should have no more terrors for the aviator if this invention proves practicable. It is a mast with three frames arranged horizontally and carrying lights of different colors, for the purpose of controlling safe night landing of aircraft. The patent was issued to Clarence H. Brockelbank.

More deep-water stuff from the prairies. Another good Republican, Mr. Knute O. Akner, of Minnesota,



has come out for "protection" in this torpedo guard. It differs from the rest in that the guards are attached to an armed auxiliary vessel which is secured in front of the ship to be protected.

"Safety First" for submarines is the aim of Mr. James T. Dahl's invention. He has designed an "S. O. S." in the shape of a buoy, which is carried on the top of the craft, and may be released in case of casualty. It floats on the surface, and provides a supply of fresh air until rescue appears.

Apparently with the supposition in mind that the Huns may attempt a landing on our shores, a method of facilitating the movement of defensive apparatus, guns, etc., has been invented by Daniel G. Saunders, of Missouri.

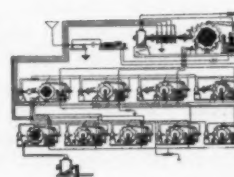
Patents—and improvements on patents galore! Weapon—is right! Pictures of pirates and buccaneers are conjured up by this combination pistol and sword, the contribution of Pawel Pys, who hails from Michigan.

A vessel so built as to be its own guard, or so it would seem, has been patented by William Baumhover, of Iowa. To the uninitiated, this plan has little to recommend it. At any rate, the project is too deep for our unpretentious minds.

John Hays Hammond, Jr., has patented a system of multiple wireless control which would have to do with aircraft and boats alike. The original patent on this idea was taken out in 1909, renewed since with modifications and improvements. No use talking, the kid's clever.

A flying pontoon, carrying a detachable pontoon beneath, is the happy thought of Glenn L. Martin, of California. What the advantage is we will leave to those more learned in aeronautics than ourselves to say.

This miniature tank, virtually an armored motorcycle, carrying turret, gun and accoutrements, has been excogitated by F. M. Goddard, of New York. It will be a great little goer on the road to Berlin.



NATIONS AT WAR WITH GERMANY

Country	War declared	Country	War declared	Country	War declared
Serbia	July 28, 1914	Japan	August 23, 1914	Panama	April 7, 1917
Russia	August 1, 1914	Italy	May 23, 1915	Greece	June 29, 1917
France	August 3, 1914	Portugal	March 10, 1916	Siam	July 22, 1917
Belgium	August 4, 1914	Rumania	August 28, 1916	Liberia	August 7, 1917
Great Britain	August 4, 1914	United States	April 6, 1917	China	August 14, 1917
Montenegro	August 7, 1917	Cuba	April 7, 1917	Brazil	October —, 1917

NATIONS THAT HAVE SEVERED RELATIONS WITH GERMANY

Country	Relations severed	Country	Relations severed	Country	Relations severed
Bolivia	April 13, 1917	Honduras	May 18, 1917	Haiti	June 19, 1917
Guatemala	April 28, 1917	Nicaragua	May 19, 1917	Costa Rica	September 21, 1917
				Peru	October 5, 1917
				Uruguay	October 7, 1917



Photo by Press Illustrating Service, Inc.

JOHN MCCORMACK'S SUMMER HOME AT NOROTON, CONNECTICUT
Mr. McCormack, with his wife and Gwen, in the beautiful garden where he receives his inspiration

People You Pay *to* Know

JOHN MCCORMACK, the *Great Irish Tenor*

IT was dusk—the hour when the streets are thronged with home-going crowds. One thought was in every mind: Home! To get home! Suddenly, above the noise of the streets, the round, full notes of a vibrant tenor voice rang sweet and clear, checking the hurrying crowds, and carrying them on the wings of song to the clover-scented fields of youth. Thru an open window came the strains of an Irish folk song, sang with the passionate power of a singer who loved his song, and the land it represented. Softly, clearly, the throbbing lilt of the beautiful melody burst into a finale of sobbing tenderness—and ceased. The great crowd held its breath, waited expectantly for more, paused irresolutely, then hurried on its way. The singer was John McCormack, and it is this rare gift of reaching the people, stirring their hearts, that has made him one of the most loved singers of the age.

John McCormack is first of all a man. It is his human qualities, even more than the perfection of his art, that explains his power to touch the heart of all ages and every race. Born in the town of Athlone,



Photo by C. Mishkin

JOHN MCCORMACK
A true singer of old songs

Westmeath County, Ireland, he was educated at the Marist Brothers' School in Athlone, and at the age of eighteen graduated from Sligo College with highest honors in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. Altho, even at this time, his voice was greatly admired, its possibilities were not realized, and, following his graduation, McCormack took a civil service examination in Dublin, a circumstance which marked the turning point of his career. In Dublin, the future singer was introduced to Mr. Vincent O'Brien, then director of the Marlborough Cathedral choir. Mr. McCormack sang "Then You'll Remember Me" from the *Bohemian Girl*. That moment, and that song, marked the turning point in his career. He was soon after appointed a member of the Cathedral choir.

The next step in his career was, after only a few weeks study, the winning of the first prize at a great musical competition in Dublin. The reputation there established led to many engagements, with the proceeds of which Mr. McCormack studied two years and a half in Italy under Sabbitini. Leaving Italy, altho only twenty-two years of age, the young (Continued on page 45)



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The Man Who Discovered Himself

Continued from page 34

"You don't need to tell me one word of all this, my dear fellow. You are still a greenhorn in the political game. Just sit down here, and let me pour you a cup of coffee. But right now I want to impress on you not to go on record with anybody except myself in regard to your declining a nomination. I have an idea of my own for winning the fight, and said idea you will see in due time is as full of good politics as an egg is full of meat. You just wait, Jim, old boy, until we re-assemble at ten o'clock in convention. We'll be there on time, and whatever I say you must acquiesce in to the limit—keep that in mind. No bolting or taking the bit in your teeth at the end of the game! Now I think breakfast will be ready in the dining-room. Come along. All your perturbation will vanish in the presence of Mrs. Collier and a good beefsteak."

Jim accepted the invitation, thankful to be so completely exonerated from blame, yet still unhappy and disturbed over the situation that

had so unexpectedly developed. Collier delayed their departure until within a few minutes of ten.

On reaching the place of convention they went straight to their appointed places in the center of the hall. Every seat was occupied, and the galleries were crowded with spectators, among whom the fair sex predominated. Without loss of time the proceedings were formally opened, and the first man to rise and push his way toward the rostrum was Ledgerwood Collier. The old political gladiator, as he faced the assemblage, received a great ovation, all the delegates rising to their feet and cheering, while handkerchiefs were waved broadcast over the galleries.

When order was at last restored, Collier spoke. He opened with a generous tribute to the sterling worth of his adversary, referred to the obviously inspired appeal for a compromise put forth on the previous evening, and then, raising his voice, swept on with growing eloquence:

Gentlemen of the Convention, responding to that appeal from my opponent's side, I shall now proceed to give you a name—a name wreathed around with the motto of his life since I first knew him—"Success." I shall give you the name of a man whose nomination by you today for the governorship of the great state of Arizona will, in the ripeness of time, redound to your honor as delegates from the counties who have

relied upon the wisdom of your deliberations. I shall give you a name that will not only be accepted in the heat and enthusiasm of this convention, but one that will grow in public favor with the rising and setting of every sun between now and the cool of November's election. I shall give you the name of a man who, if selected for the high position of Governor by this intelligent body of delegates, will secure to each of you from your constituency a verdict of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." I shall give you a name that will shed luster on our beloved state. Gentlemen of the Convention, I have a name to propose—the name of an Arizonan richly endowed with all the necessary qualifications of a good Governor and a great Governor. I, therefore, in behalf of my party, do place in nomination for Governor of the state of Arizona, Honorable James Marshall, of Phoenix.

Pandemonium ran wild. Every delegate in the convention was striving to get on his feet to second the motion so eloquently put forward by the Hon. Ledgerwood Collier, and a few minutes later the chairman declared the unanimous nomination of James Marshall as the standard-bearer of the party.

At the November election following, the Hon. James Marshall was elected Governor of the state of Arizona by an overwhelming majority. Little did James Marshall know of the links in his life's history that would be woven in the warp and woof of his destiny between the day of his election and the day of his inauguration. Surely the children of men see thru a glass but darkly.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALLMENTS PUBLISHED IN PREVIOUS ISSUES

The victim of a dread disease, fifty-year-old Marsh Gordon, intent on providing a good home and even luxuries for those dependent upon him, struggles for years as an humble shoe-pepper. Miriam Gordon, his wife, is a woman who has come to care only for money and the position and comforts money will bring. She accepts every sacrifice her husband makes with no compunctions, even when she sees him ill and alone. Anxious for social position, she encourages the attentions of Burn Hopkins, a rising young attorney, to her older daughter, Bernice, but keeps her husband out of sight by providing him a little one-room cottage in the back yard of their home at Venice, California. Here he stays, when not at his work. For companions he has his books. He is, however, proud of his capable wife, and denies her nothing in his power to give her. Uncomplainingly, he accepts the social ostracism which she forces upon him. The only really bright spot in his life is his little daughter Bessie, who spends as much time as her mother will allow in her father's company. At last the day comes when his cough has taken such a hold upon him that he is not able to go to his work. Thinking that a day in the air and sunshine will benefit him, he goes to the hills accompanied by Bessie, and there they spend a happy day gathering tiger-lilies and cowslips. Refreshed by the short rest, Marsh returns to his work, but finally is obliged to stay away longer. This time he loses his position entirely, and makes up his mind to take Miriam's advice to go to the desert. The night before the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own marriage to Miriam, she announces to him that Bernice is to be married on the morrow, and hints that he should abscond himself from home that day. Hurt beyond measure by her utter disregard of him, he leaves his savings of nine hundred dollars for her, and a letter, and taking but thirteen dollars and ten cents for himself, he starts alone for the desert. He finally finds himself in the desert, where he falls in with a band of "hoboes," who rob him of money, clothes, watch and kit of tools, and then drive him away from their campfire. He comes at last to a farm and sleeps in a haystack until morning, when he is found by the owner, Mike O'Meara, who treats him to a good breakfast and sends him on his way with a loan of five dollars and a big Mexican hat. Meanwhile Miriam has discovered his departure and rejoices over the nine hundred dollars which he has left for her. Faint and staggering, Gordon finally reaches Submarine Junction, where Ned Collier, who is stationed there, saves him from death. Under a new name—Jim Marshall—Gordon starts life anew. Shortly after his arrival he reads in a stray newspaper of the tragic death of Marsh Gordon, and resolves to accept his fate. Finally Ned Collier is given a position in Los Angeles, and secures the place at Submarine Junction for Jim. Ned meets Bessie Gordon and writes enthusiastically about her to Marshall, whose heart overflows with joy at the thought of seeing these two interested in each other. Meanwhile plans have prospered and he seems on the road to fortune. In the course of negotiations, Marshall meets his son-in-law, Burn Hopkins, and consummates the deal for the sale of the property thru him. After selling the property at Submarine, he goes to Yuma, where he meets his old friend, O'Meara, with whom he now does his banking. He then buys a large ranch and makes plans for its development. Meanwhile Ned Collier becomes engaged to Bessie Gordon. Mrs. Gordon keeps on with her china painting, and Jim Marshall, thru Francois Lavigne and his wife, buys up her products. He sells his ranch for \$350,000 and goes to Phoenix.

THE SOLDIERS' PAY

If the bill introduced in Congress to pay a bonus of \$50 a month to the American soldier overseas passes, Uncle Sam will head the list as a generous provider. The Austrian soldier gets 97 cents a month. France pays her poilus \$1.45; the German in the trenches receives \$3.78 and the Italian \$2.67. The English Tommy is paid \$7.30 a month, altho he fights side by side with the Canadian at \$33, the New Zealander at \$36.50, and the Australian at \$43.80. The Russian foots the list at 39 cents a month for actual war service. The lowest pay of an American soldier is \$30 a month at home, which increases to \$33 a month in foreign duty.

Newton D. Baker

READ THE ABOVE

It is the signature of Newton D. Baker, our Secretary of War, who is spending eight billions of dollars.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

The Story Without a Name

Continued from page 18

Then, seating himself in the sling, he slowly let the rope out. He had nearly reached the center of the street when a great wave of flame swept the factory roof, burning the rope in two. The next instant he slid rapidly down the wires and into unconsciousness.

If he had struck the cross tree, he would have been instantly killed, but the men on the roof saw his mishap in time, and massing together, succeeded in breaking the impetus of his fall by allowing him to crash into them.

When Smythe came to himself, he was lying on the floor of a drug store, his head pillowed on Mayme's lap. As he opened his eyes, he looked straight into hers, which were filled with tears.

Mayme saw him open his eyes and try to speak. Then, oblivious to the gaze of the crowd, she raised one of his poor torn hands and covered it with kisses.

"You're a man," she cried, "my man!" A happy smile lit up Smythe's face, and he murmured weakly,

"It was worth it!"

NAME CONTEST

The original title of the above story was "J. Algernon Smythe, Mollycoddle." The title aroused so much comment, for and against, in the editorial offices, that the author consented to let it appear without a name. A prize of five dollars will be awarded the reader suggesting the most appropriate title. Address

CONTEST EDITOR, NATIONAL MAGAZINE,
BOSTON, MASS.

Hobbies of Great People

Continued from page 24

than twenty-six pieces of shell and canister, showing that it must have been directly in the line of battle.

The productions of war—bullets, cannon balls, buttons, buckles, love-letters burned by powder and stained with blood, skulls, and testaments bored thru by bullets—are found in many homes today. Scarcely is there a town in the country where you will not find some one who points with pride to his cabinet of such relics. And as wars are bound to follow one after another until the end of time, collections of such articles are going to grow in size and number. When the great struggle that is now going on in Europe is over, we predict that this country, as well as others, is going to be deluged with war relics. Why? Simply because the hobby of a few is going to become the fad of the many.

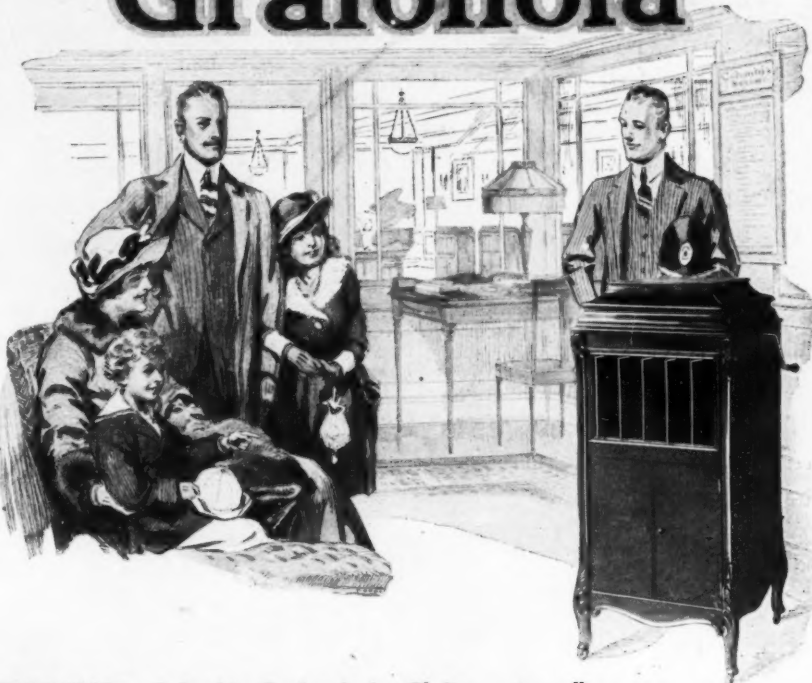
Joaquin Miller, the "Burns of America," as his admirers called him, loved the great open, especially its flowers. He regarded with great disfavor the habit women have of picking flowers which wither in their hands. Thruout the grounds of his ninety-acre estate near the Golden Gate, he tacked placards, begging visitors to leave the flowers for the "Prince who comes tomorrow." Flowers were also the hobby of the late Eben Rexford, author of "Silver Threads among the Gold." His home on the banks of the Wolf River near Shiocton, Wisconsin, was set in the midst of a bower of blossoms.

Not an American, it is interesting to note that the most famous orchid collection in the world was that of Joseph Chamberlain, the late English colonial secretary. President McKinley loved carnations, and Joseph Chamberlain constantly wore a costly orchid as a boutonniere. His orchid houses at his Birmingham home were worth, with their contents, somewhere from eighty to a hundred thousand dollars.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan reigned as king among American hobbyists for a number of years. He was even greater than king in Europe, as he caused the kings of the old world to wax melancholy over his raids upon their artistic treasures.

He spent thousands, yea, millions of dollars, for paintings, hangings, bric-a-brac, books, and

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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

other objects of vertu. It was nothing unusual for him to buy whole collections at a time, paying fabulous sums for them. On one occasion, when art collectors of Europe were looking anxiously forward with confidence to the dispersal by auction of the Manheim collection, and figuring the while how much they would be able to buy single bits of it for, Mr. Morgan gaily chipped in at the psychological moment and purchased the whole for six hundred thousand dollars. From that time forward the disappointed collectors called him "the Ogre." A few years later he surprised them by purchasing a single volume, having only forty-one leaves, for nineteen thousand dollars. The book in question was the famous black book of the Revelations of St. John, dated 1440.

Inflated prices never checked Mr. Morgan. If he wanted a certain rare bit of tapestry, a manuscript, a piece of embroidery, a madonna, an altar cloth, or even the altar itself, he got it. And the prices he paid were always "paid in full."

A visit to the home of the ultra-luxurious solves the mystery as to the destination of a great number of foreign riches and relics. Stunning

panels of Flemish tapestry, altar scarfs of Venetian velvet, embroidered silken skirts worn by nautch girls, vestments of the high priests, silken baldachinos of Bagdad, make coverlets of the Louis Quatorze period, Scriptural groups or figures of saints, designs of birds, flowers, or sentiment, coats of arms, and other treasures too numerous to mention, play a conspicuous part in many an American home.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Celeste Miller, Mrs. George Drexel, Mrs. Henry Weir, Mrs. James Henry Smith, Mrs. Norton Nichols, Mrs. Samuel Ordway, Mrs. William Guthrie, Mrs. Willard Brown, Mrs. George Gould and Mrs. Charles Catlin are macons whose ingenuity has adorned their palatial homes with wondrous works of foreign art.

And it might be added, that when it comes to hobbies, especially collecting, women outrun their husbands. Perhaps it is due to the fact that women are contented to search for the smaller objects, and, as is usually the case, the things they turn their attention to are the things nearer home. Take Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. Her hobby is collecting old china, of which she has a fine assortment. Mrs. Charles Brockway Gibson, the author, admits a love for collecting

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poetry. She has been clipping verse from magazines, papers and books for years, and she has bought copies of all the odd, unusual books of poems that have ever been published. Lady Charles Beresford never longed for coral necklaces. Her hobby has been collecting ball programs, and those painted by hand or designed by lady artists have been especially sought for. Like Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Henrietta Hering has an extensive collection of dolls of all nations. Queen Victoria at the time of her death possessed photographs of Mrs. Hering's dolls, Englishmen having sent to Chicago to have the pictures made especially for presentation to the Queen. Lillian Russell has a collection of genuine Chinese porcelains which, as she says, fills her heart with joy; and Mrs. Edward R. Thomas of New York takes first prize on the number of pots in her possession. It is claimed she owns four thousand of them. Teapots, coffee pots, liquor pots, big pots and little ones, thin, flat, round and square pots, oblong and oolong pots, blue and white, brown and pink; china, chintz, agate, metal, clay and glass pots. Some of them old of lineage and rare. Most honorable pots from China that are priceless, and lowly pots from Japan that have been familiar only with the lips of coolies and slaves.

Special brushes are needed to dust them. Cabinets with pretty beds of satin and lace have been built to shelter the daintiest ones.

Mrs. McLaren of Milwaukee has a fine collection of vases, cups and caddies made by the finest potters in Japan. Mrs. Ezra Kendall collects toys and miniature models of all sorts. Mrs. James Kenton has a passion for Bibles; and Miss Ruth Varney has been collecting musical programs from great musicians and opera stars for a number of years.

It is quite impossible to mention at length a number of collections that ought to be accorded liberal space in an article of this nature. Mrs. Stanford's immense collection of Egyptian curios and historical relics; Stanley McCormick's valuable pottery collection; Charles Wertheimer's bric-a-brac; Sir George Newnes' big collection of cathedral models; Charles Gunther's manuscripts, paintings and curios, of which he once said, while speaking of them: "They have been a most expensive hobby horse, but a man must stand for something outside of mere money"; Dr. Sprague's autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Jacob Schiff's museum illustrating the life and thought of the Semitic people, ancient and modern; the Nunnemacher display of arms;

Colonel John Hicks' monuments; John Lewis Child's stuffed birds and birds' eggs; James Carleton Young's wonderful collection of autographed books from world's famous authors—all these, along with a score of others, deserve more than passing notice. It were like driving a camel thru a needle's eye to attempt to crowd their riches into a P. S. space. In the words of the small boy we say, "It can't be did."

The new \$5.00 War Savings Stamps mean a licking for somebody—and it won't be Uncle Sam.

Who's What in the Navy

(Continued from page 21)

at the battle of Puerto Cabello, and by the Emperor of Japan for his complete and accurate report as a medical observer for the United States Navy during the Russo-Japanese War.

Before being detailed in 1912 as fleet surgeon of the Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Braisted served as assistant chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery under Surgeons-General Rixey and Stokes. He was president of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, and is high in the councils of the American Red Cross and leading surgical and medical societies.

The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, of which Mr. Braisted is the chief, is charged with administration of all naval hospitals, medical supply depots, laboratories, dispensaries, medical and hospital schools of the Navy. It makes recommendations for the administration of the personnel of the medical, dental, and hospital corps. It requisitions and cares for its own supplies, and passes upon the design of hospital ships from the standpoint of efficiency in the care of sick or wounded.

American Fliers in Aerial Battle

(Continued from page 13)

gunner is so efficient. Often as the smoke balls appear near me I can imagine the old bewhiskered gunner, on the ground below, figuring out my altitude, speed, and apparent course; for the following few minutes, probably he uses a slide rule, runs a begrimed finger along a logarithmic curve and then gives his orders; later gloating with satisfaction if his observations have been somewhere near correct, and hastily making new ones if his reckoning has sent the shells to the wrong spot in the sky. To know how to upset all these fine calculations is the whole art of dodging and eluding "Archie."

One method is to alter the apparent size of your wings, or to change your speed, or vary your height, or to dodge hither and thither, no matter how many other things are to be done at the same time. To alter the apparent size of your wings, you fly lopsided, with one wing down, thereby giving a shorter view of the wing spread from the ground. You can "switch back" up and down a few hundred feet at a time, or suddenly "stall" the machine—that is holding up the nose and throttle down the motor until you almost stop, then dive a little and go ahead; in a moment you can see the next few shots breaking out ahead and perhaps hear a cuss word or two from the gunner below. Another good stunt is to slide-slip a little, that is, just tip your bus up sideways and fall a few feet; this changes your altitude and cuts down your forward speed, but is not used if you must keep your height. When the shots get too close and continue so, about the only salvation is to lose four or five thousand feet by a vertical spiral or a spinning nose dive, then flatten out and make a new start. That always fools them, because by the time they make new calculations you are out of range. Many, many times "Archie" is very disagreeable and is not to be courted where the gunners get plenty of practice.

Paris streets and boulevards are filled with United States soldiers, their new uniforms contrasting vividly with the soiled ones of the French and English.

Affairs at Washington

Continued from page 9

an ideal that his work entitled him to a uniform and some of the emoluments that go with military work—for it is just as essential.

WASHINGTON is a busy place these days. There doesn't seem to be enough of anything to go round—men, women, and machines. I dropped into the offices of one of the new departments of industry connected with the war preparedness and saw a perfectly capable, good-looking stenographer sitting before her desk, prim as a soldier in the ranks. The picture was not complete. The typewriter machine was missing—it had been suddenly commandeered into another department.

IN the rotunda of the great Union Station at Washington I came across the doughty group of French soldiers in their distinctive gray uniforms, being sent to the different cantonments for the training of American soldiers in modern trench warfare. Most of these soldiers have been "over the top"—on their breast is the "Legion of Honor," their country's greatest gift, and it was pleasing to see how interested the public was in their appearance. Here and there were little groups clustered about a soldier in gray, "pumping" him with questions which were answered, for the most part, in surprisingly good English. They were ready and willing to describe the methods of trench warfare to anyone who asked, and many a traveler put his grip down to bend his ear toward the little crowds to hear the soldier teacher. I was one of these. I learned that grenades, or bombs, are the greatest fighting implement of trench warfare. In size and shape they are like a lemon—and it's some lemon to hand anybody at that. Practice brings remarkable skill in casting these from one trench to another. Sometimes enemy trenches are only ten yards apart, close enough to hear every word spoken. Unless the drive is on, there is little bomb throwing, because to throw a desultory bomb over would invite one back, and nothing could be hoped to be gained. The two armies, lying ten yards apart, wait for the drives to go over the top.

It must not be thought it is a harmonious love feast, this trench warfare. Sharpshooters on each side pick off everything that shows its head; only this—unless the drive is on, the trenches leave one another alone.

A little later I ran across Sergeant Parent of the 160th something French infantry, and as we stood waiting for the sleeping car to back into the station, he told me some of his own personal experiences. On his breast was the famous French war cross of valor, with its little green ribbon and seven red stripes and medallion. On this decoration had been placed two tiny stars, a bronze star and a silver star, each significant of the greatest heroism. Sergeant Parent has been in America before; has seen three years' service on one of our battleships before returning to France. He enlisted at the outbreak of the war and has seen constant service since.

"That little bronze star on the valor badge, where did you get that?" I asked bluntly.

He was positively embarrassed. "Well, you see, it was like this: At Verdun our captain and eleven of us were surrounded by Germans. We held on from nine o'clock until five o'clock, and then our soldiers were able to come to the rescue. We wouldn't give up, that's all."

"And the silver star, the highest decoration, where did you get that?"

"Oh, that was in the battle of the Somme. The captain said we just had to take the village of Obblaycourt, which we had tried very hard to get, but this time we had to have it, and so we took it. In one dug hole we got fourteen prisoners, after killing thirty-two to take it."

"And you live to tell the tale," I remarked.

"Never felt better in my life," he laughed. "In the war you don't think of it as cruel and heartless; you think of it as a law of self-preservation. If you don't get the other fellow, he will get you; but there isn't a soldier who

The Silver Tongued Orator of Minnesota, Charles A. Towne, Former United States Senator

Late Member of Congress from New York—Nominated for Vice-President—Recommends Nuxated Iron to All Who Feel the Need of Renewed Energy—Says That Henceforth He Shall Not Be Without It

Probably no remedy has ever met with such phenomenal success as has Nuxated Iron—over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone, to say nothing of the vast number who are using it in France, England, South America and other countries. It has been highly endorsed and used by Former United States Senators and Members of Congress; physicians who have been connected with well-known hospitals have prescribed and recommended it; Monseigneur Nannini, a prominent Catholic clergyman, recommends it to all members of the Catholic Church. Former Health Commissioner, Wm. R. Kerr, of Chicago, says it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician; Dr. N. H. Bernstein, for ten years connected with the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, says the administration of Nuxated Iron in a number of stubborn cases where other tonics had utterly failed, only served to convince him absolutely of its remarkable and unusual power; Former First Assistant Postmaster General of the United States, C. P. Grandfield, strongly endorses and recommends it to the tens of thousands of civil service employees who know his name and signature. Sarah Bernhardt—"the Divine Sarah," the world's most noted actress, has ordered a large quantity sent to the French soldiers to help give them strength, power and endurance.

The famous "Cyclone" Davis, Member of the 64th United States Congress, says the effect of Nuxated Iron on him was almost magical, that after taking it, nothing seemed to tire him out, no matter how strenuous it might be. Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says Nuxated Iron has proven through his own tests of it to excel any preparation he has ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders.

Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, says he has never before recommended any remedy to the public, but that in the case of Nuxated Iron he would feel he were remiss in his duty not to mention it. Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says that in his recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, he has strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their weak, run-down, nervous, haggard-looking patients. Ty Cobb, the greatest baseball batter of all time, took it to

wouldn't give his life if by so doing he could end the war—that's how well we know it."

The sleeping cars had already been backed in and the train announcer broke in: "All aboard for Spartansburg."

"Well, that's my train," said Sergeant Parent, and away he went, to train our own boys in the art of trench warfare.

IN the rooms of the Aero Club of America, there was real atmosphere when I dropped in to see what was doing. Admiral Peary was there with the other distinguished aero experts, planning the establishment of four transcontinental airways. It was an event as epoch-making as when the first transcontinental railroad was projected. These airways suggested by the club are for the main lines of air navigation in the United States. They are to be named "Woodrow Wilson," "Wright Brothers," "Langley," and the "Chanute and Bell." The first is to be charted direct from New York to San Francisco, touching at Cleveland, Chicago, and other important cities; the second from Washington, running through the South to San Diego; the "Langley," running direct air line from Washington to Los Angeles, and the "Chanute

What Senator Towne Says:

"As a member of Congress from New York, as a member of Congress and Senator from Minnesota, as participant in political campaigns and candidate for Vice-President, my nervous energy and reserve force were tremendously drawn upon. That I survived these trials and came into advanced middle life with the elasticity and strength of a boy is unquestionably due to the rigorous attention I have paid



Charles A. Towne
Minnesota's Man of Mark
Former United States Senator

Charles A. Towne, graduated from the University of Michigan, twice elected member of the United States Congress, served in the United States Senate, nominated for Vice-President, takes Nuxated Iron; now recommends it to all who feel the need of renewed energy.

to the proper care of my body. Recently I have been taking Nuxated Iron and have found it of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the advantage of others, to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and unhesitatingly recommend Nuxated Iron to all who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions."

help give him renewed energy and great staying power. No matter what anybody says, you could not, at this day, get such prominent men to endorse a remedy that has no value—doctors, lawyers, politicians, athletes—a great array.

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician who has studied both in this country and great European Medical Institutions, said: "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty, and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak and run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants, and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia,

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work, or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, which has been used by former United States Senator Towne with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100,000 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

and Bell," named for Octave Chanute, and Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, will be from Boston to Seattle, touching at Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, Minneapolis, Bismarck and other cities. To go to Chicago from Boston by airship, one would have to change at Buffalo or Detroit. The north and south airways are planned from Bangor, Maine, to Key West, Florida, and from Puget Sound to San Diego, California. An airway to be called the "Gulf" would extend from Key West to the mouth of the Rio Grande, touching every important city on the Gulf of Mexico.

The members of the executive Committee seemed to involuntarily look up while talking about airplanes, oblivious of the charts on the table before them. The early plans were announced in order to give practice in flying to thousands of young men who would furnish recruits for the work overseas as they are needed. Many cross lines and shorter routes will be established, but it is evident that the skies overhead are already being charted and pre-empted for transportation purposes, marking the great aerial epoch in the history of the world. "Admiral Peary," the North Pole route, will come some time.

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Affairs and Folks

(Continued from page 30)

SUGAR shortage directed public attention to Cuba, Louisiana, and the beet districts—the source of supply. It made me think of the days at Chaparra, Cuba, that I spent with President Menocal. The great plantation and mills is a monument to the enterprise and constructive genius of the chief executive of Cuba—the young hero of the revolutionary days from Matanzas. It was a wilderness, and he rode miles back and forth, day after day, from Haldine. In opening this development the plantation has railroads and unexcelled wharfage for shipping direct to all markets of the world. As I looked upon the mountains of bags in the warehouse awaiting shipment and noted the market price and the labor and land required to produce the sugar, there was no suggestion of a shortage. These were the days prior to the inauguration, and some of the willing patriots seeking office found their way there. At a dinner given in the evening the table was decorated with carnations—more rare in the tropics than orchids. It brought back memories of William McKinley, whose name is

so closely associated with the founding of the Cuban republic and creation of the flag with a single star. Seated beside Senora Menocal, I ventured to express my delight in seeing these flowers, whose beauty and perfume reminded me of McKinley. Senora smiled as I took the petals in my hand. "They are from New York." "Yes, and how fresh," I replied, not quite understanding her quizzical look. "Paper flowers always keep well," she remarked, bursting into laughter. The President and his guests joined in the ripple, and I was voted a botanist to further investigate the flora and fauna of the tropics, but warned as an editor to beware of my predilection for papier mache.

A BUZZ of conversation in the hall stops abruptly as the first notes of "Star Spangled Banner" are struck on the piano. Then the flag is carried in, and the boys in uniform stand at salute. A speaker of local reputation addresses the gathering, calling to mind the great questions at issue in the war, and voicing again the purpose of the meeting—to say farewell to the boys who are soon to sail for France. Here and there in the audience are revealed the mothers whose sons have gone or are still to go; they can be

recognized by the proud look or by the moistened eye. Then the "Roll of Honor" is read, and each boy is presented with a copy of the "Good Book," to carry with him overseas, that it might be a reminder of those who think of him at home. Audience joins in singing patriotic songs.

Such are the scenes enacted today all over the country. Mother, home, love of country, is indeed a trilogy that reaches the great common denominator of heart impulse.

MORE and more it is being brought home to everybody that we are at war. The new tax schedule, a direct drive in the little luxuries of the people to gather funds for the war, is far-reaching. Almost everything we buy or everywhere we turn the tax shows up, a silent and effective reminder of the boys in the trenches who need the money for food, clothes, and ammunition. As one lady expressed it as she spread three one-cent stamps on an envelope where two went before, "It's so much easier to stick on this extra stamp when I know it is not really a tax, but a contribution to help pay the expenses of the war for human liberty and American rights and goes to aid in equipping those soldiers and sailors who have offered their lives that those who remain behind may live in peace in the future."

That is the way patriotic Americans look upon these new war taxes. The contributions we make to help win the war takes various forms. One cent is required on each dime paid for amusement admissions; three per cent on payments for freight transportation; eight per cent on passenger fares; ten per cent on sleeping-car berths, parlor-car seats and staterooms on trains or vessels; five per cent on oil pipe line transportation; one cent for each twenty cents or fraction paid for express packages; five cents on each telephone, telegraph or radio message costing more than fifteen cents; various taxes on cigars, cigarettes, tobacco and its products; ten per cent on club dues under twelve dollars yearly; eight cents on each one hundred dollars of new life insurance, and one cent on each dollar of premium paid for fire, marine, casualty and other insurance policies.

AND now we are going to lend the poilus from France and the Tommies from England, who have been sent over to instruct our boys in the art of trench warfare, what—our pants. They will be provided with Uncle Sam's army uniforms, because the strenuous work mapped out for them would reduce their own handsome new ones to rags in three months, and to duplicate them in this country would be impossible. They will be allowed to wear their own caps, as a distinguishing mark of their rank and country.

GEORGE A. Chamberlain, American consul-general in Mexico, has suggested an American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico City to establish a purely commercial and non-political organization which will foster the friendly trade relations between Mexico and the United States, and which, in co-operation with the representatives of the United States in Mexico, will be able to initiate an active campaign for American trade. It begins to look as if we would some day appreciate the trade opportunities of Mexico and go after them in a businesslike way.

A CALL has recently gone out for every city to provide landing fields for airships. Is your town on the national aerial route? Get ready for regular airship transportation after the war. Mayors of cities and towns are asked to co-operate to make cross-country flying safe for our new aviators. Glenn H. Curtiss is fathering the movement.

IT seemed like the old days of William McKinley when twenty thousand people gathered at Niles, Ohio, to attend the exercises of dedicating the birthplace memorial. In one way, it was the reunion of the old friends and admirers of William McKinley. The old veterans were there, the comrades of Civil War days. The marching clubs that shared in the triumphs of

1896 were there. It was an outpouring of the people, and in itself a most significant tribute to the memory of McKinley.

A more appropriate time could not have been selected for the dedication of a birthplace memorial to William McKinley. The memorial is a handsome marble building, costing half a million dollars, donated by admirers of the martyred President, and occupying a square near the spot where the little store building stood in which McKinley was born threescore, ten and four years ago.

Mr. J. G. Butler, the boyhood chum and friend of McKinley, thru whose untiring efforts this memorial was made possible, planned the dedication with infinite care. President Taft's address was a loving tribute to the man who ushered him into public life and sent him to the Philippines to meet the problem of expansion which followed the Spanish-American war. It was a masterful presentation of the issues of today as related to McKinley.

The presence of Hon. George B. Cortelyou, McKinley's secretary, and later member of the Cabinet in two administrations, made it seem more completely a McKinley occasion, for no one was closer to the President in those years in which he made history than his faithful and competent secretary and advisor.

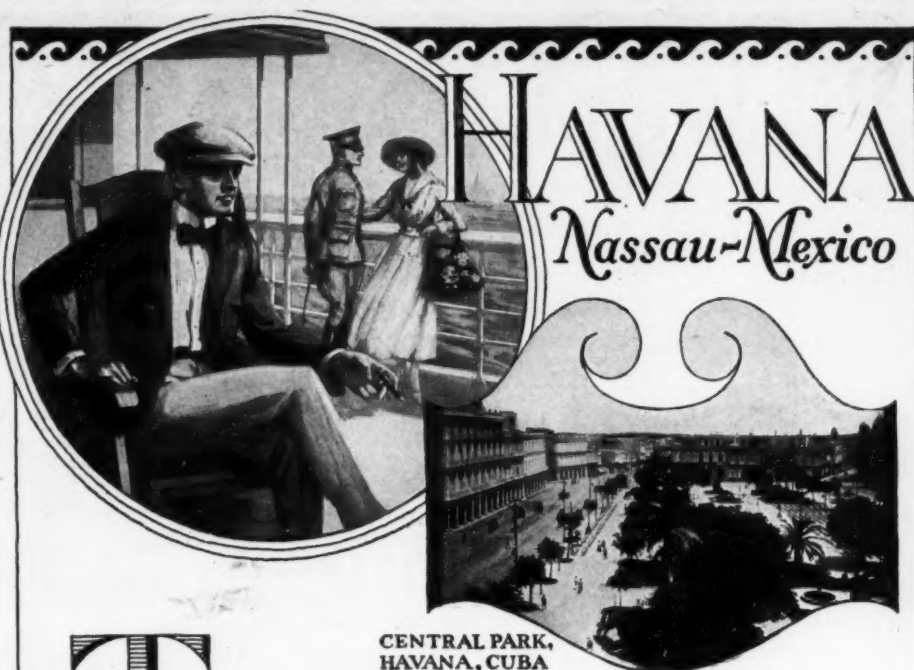
Senator Herrick, former ambassador to France, and a close personal friend, added his tribute. Rev. C. Manchester, an old comrade in the McKinley company, and later his pastor, made the occasion seem more human and personal. The flag of McKinley as President was presented to the auditorium, also a trophy given him by the Chinese citizens, with their loving tribute, incased in a cabinet of marvelous workmanship of the Chinese Empire, was also presented.

The address which preceded the unveiling was made by Joe Mitchell Chapple. As the misty rain began to fall, Miss Helen McKinley, sister of the martyred President, pulled the cords which unveiled the face and form of her beloved brother. The band began to play softly "Lead, Kindly Light," and as the flag fell gently from the great white statue, it seemed as if McKinley had risen again to speak to the people assembled. There were glistening eyes as the strains softly passed away.

EXPERIENCES of the war in Europe have revealed that the oil supply is a matter of vital importance. It was fitting that Mr. A. C. Bedford, president of the Standard Oil Company, should be made chairman of the Committee on Oil of the Council of National Defense. At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, held at Atlantic City, he made a statement concerning the problems of oil supply and distribution which was intensely interesting to all lines of industry. He enumerated the problems confronting this all-important industry, and his address at this meeting of the Chamber was considered one of the most important of the convention, for it threw light upon the amount of supplies available in comparison with the demands to be expected during the war.

An authority on this subject, Mr. Bedford's earnest address was a stirring patriotic appeal, which struck home with particular force at this time. It was shown that he had long ago foreseen the necessities of the times, and had been working out plans with the present emergencies in view, for oil is one vital essential to keep the war camp fires.

A NEW feature developed under the initiative eye of the Council of National Defense is the United States Public Service Reserve, an organization of all people who desire to volunteer effective service in war emergencies. It is conducted by Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor, and will enable those not called into the army or navy to do their bit if needed. The obligation for membership consists in listing your capabilities and what work you are best fitted to do in emergency service. Enrollment in this reserve is an earnest of the volunteer spirit of the nation. The committee has indicated that only those who "mean business" should



T

HE charm and mystery of ancient Spain have cast their spell over picturesque Havana, where balmy weather banishes northern cold.

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join. It does not mean that one is obligated to give his entire time, but he will be assigned to work as occasion arises. Similar organizations in France and England have proven very helpful.

PICTURE an auditorium in Bangor, Maine, filled with four thousand school teachers—from the stately superintendent of instruction and dignified masters, to the demure and sweet mistress of the country schools. On the platform, five hundred school children, selected from the schools in eastern and central Maine, with their own orchestra—something that made you think of oratorio night at Symphony Hall in Boston. The keynote "A" was being sounded on the piano—there was the chromatic process of tuning up the instruments. All a-quiver with anticipation was the audience—what would these children do with Flotow's "Martha"?

Parents were there, and uncles and aunts—it was like one gigantic commencement time; a setting for "Martha" never equaled in Covent Garden, La Scala, or the traditional haunts of the opera. There was no "make-up" on the bright faces; no rouge on the singing lips; no stage odor; nothing superficial, all fresh and

b'ooming as the morn. The concert was even called at a morning hour—10.15.

What more fitting setting for the romance which clusters around the opera including the perennial popular song, "The Last Rose of Summer"? When these youthful choruses sang at a rollicking tempo the audience could follow the action of that opera without a bit of scenery, from the story of musical gems set in the scene of Martha sang with the verve of youth. There was the school-girl prima donna, Miss Amy Magruder; Miss Woodman as Nancy, John Mitchell as Sir Tristan, R. O. Brinkman as Plunket, William Corcoran as Sheriff—a cast that would have delighted many a veteran impresario.

The director, Mr. E. S. Pitcher, of Belfort, certainly won votive laurels upon the masterful way in which he handled his school boy and girl operatic chorus and orchestra. There was the young Italian tenor, Raoul Dufail, the high school boy from Lewiston, as Lionel, with a real Caruso note. When the young Lady Harriet sang "The Last Rose of Summer," I thought of Nordica, whom I had heard sing this very ballad—as a swan song before she left on her last tour around the world. Nordica was a State of Maine miss—and I thought that perhaps from these might

We Must Decline

to be considered in the same breath with bazaar programs, Society directories or the annual booklet of the local sewing circle.

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Over forty thousand soldiers have been supplied with the Shirt Pocket Edition of these two booklets.

PUT THEM IN THE SOLDIER'S KIT

United States Infantry Drill Regulations

The editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE wrote the Secretary of War, suggesting that "Infantry Drill Regulations," as established for the United States Army, be printed in such a form that they could be scattered broadcast over the entire country for the guidance of the Home Guard and other military organizations that have sprung up, and are still springing up, everywhere. The Secretary of War approved the suggestion. We have published them in a handy booklet, which we will mail upon receipt of price, 16 cents, postpaid.

Manual of Interior Guard Duty

A vest-pocket edition. Contains regulations for posting guard, general orders, and all other information needed in guard duty. By mail, postpaid, 16 cents.

PUT THEM IN THE SOLDIER'S KIT

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Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

be recruited a prima donna of world fame Who knows?

Reveling in all the fascinating features of the occasion, enjoying it as I never enjoyed a musical performance before, along came Packard of Camden, the president of the association, who drafted me, and I was taken to the platform before the fifth act, perched on the director's dais, and asked to speak. The rules of the stage were violated as I turned my back to the audience to greet the boys and girls in their hour of triumph. Then I turned edgewise and talked half and half, glimpsing the faces of teachers and pupils; parents and friends looking proudly at the chorus and embryo opera stars of school days.

This all occurred after the fourth act, with the tender and plaintive refrain of "The Last Rose of Summer" lingering like a beloved memory. Then the chorus, with that optimism characteristic of Youth, burst forth in "When the April Days Return," with vigorous "attack," and revealed a new beauty and significance in this dear old opera. To make an address followed with such a carol of happiness as was expressed by the chorus and principals in the finale of "Martha" is a memory that will never fade, and has made the pathetic romance of "The Last Rose of Summer" a song to be henceforth ever associated with Youth and Hope.

OLD GLORY seems to grow more beautiful every day in these war times. We stop and look at the flag as it flies, unfurling its rare beauty and message of liberty. The Stars and Stripes never before graced the American homes as they do today.

THE Bureau of Fisheries in Washington is not without its sense of humor. At the conclusion of a Chamber of Commerce Banquet in Raleigh, North Carolina, recently, Mr. C. Arthur Orr, representing the bureau, made some remarks about his work and asked for an expression of opinion regarding the fish course. There was nothing but praise for the dish that had been served, and it was not until Mr. Orr made his announcement that anyone at the dinner was aware of the fact that the dish was creamed shark.

A company has taken over an old tannery in Pittsburgh with the intention of operating it hereafter exclusively for the handling of fish skins. The company advises the Bureau of Fisheries that, at the outset, it will be able to handle one hundred and fifty skins daily, and that it is in the market for any shark skins two feet or more in length.

It has even been hinted that fish skins will make good footwear. Well, why not? Since shoes were first made, they have been fashioned of almost every material conceivable. Holiday shoppers this year may find on Christmas counters slippers made of shark skin dainty enough to please the capricious taste of the most fastidious ladies.

WHEN the history of the past twenty years is written, William Jennings Bryan will appear as a conspicuous figure. Whatever his present or future political status may be, he has stood in the national limelight longer than any man now living, even antedating in length of years the fame of Colonel Roosevelt.

In St. Louis, in 1896, I was corralled with the newspaper men in the great convention hall and tied to desk A, section B. The first letters of the alphabet were impressed upon me in my first repertorial assignment to a great national political convention. Near me sat a handsome man, with clean-cut features and black hair, a veritable Adonis, in an alpaca coat and long white necktie.

When the gold plank was adopted by the convention and the newspaper boys stood on their desks and threw the yellow telegraph blanks in the air—an incident repeated later when William McKinley was nominated for President—my Adonis sat at his desk with tightly-closed lips writing scorching telegrams which were carried away by telegraph boys who loitered in the aisles. We became acquainted, and I went with him to Chicago, where I witnessed another dramatic

scene at the Coliseum. In his maiden speech to the great throng (it was not the classic "Crown of Thorns and Cross of Gold" that lighted the fires of enthusiasm) the young speaker defied David B. Hill and Governor Billy Russell of Massachusetts, the leaders of the gold men.

Barely of the age required by the Constitution, he was nominated for President of the United States in a fervor of excitement. While I never could subscribe to his "free-silver" doctrine and did not support him in that campaign, I followed it with intense interest, and from that time the voice of William Jennings Bryan has been heard everywhere in the land. He has been a candidate for the Presidency more times than any other man in history.

Called to the Chautauqua circuit and lecture platform, Mr. Bryan has spoken to millions of people. His devoted personal followers are legion. As Clay and Webster are linked in history, so Roosevelt and Bryan will be associated as personalities that strongly appealed to the people. Bryan's fame rests upon the sincere, face-to-face, heart-to-heart discussion of public questions, and some of his addresses are already counted classics in American oratory.

The latest book of speeches, entitled "Heart Appeals," is climacteric, because it expresses in the title the basis of Bryan's strength. With a courage undenied, and the credit of making Presidents, even tho the honor of being President was denied him, he is a typical crusader. This last book, so well entitled, will commend itself to all students and observers of American history who are earnestly interested in the processes that are developing popular ideals.

People You Pay to Know

Continued from page 37

singer toured the British Isles, appearing at twenty-one concerts.

At a concert in Albert Hall, London, following his tour, McCormack was called again and again before the curtain, and next morning all the London papers united in laudation of a new master-singer.


The mercurial nature of the Celtic race, in which tears and smiles succeed each other as do the sunshine and the rain of Old Ireland, has been influenced by climatic conditions and by the fact that Ireland, severed from the world by encircling waters, has developed a sort of race introspection. Certain it is that there is in the Irish temperament an undertone of sadness, and a minor note sounds in practically all Celtic poetry, and even in its merry tales. This quality in the voice of John McCormack accounts for such incidents as occurred at a recent concert, when, for seventeen minutes at the close of his song, "I Hear You Calling Me," a wildly cheering audience stormed the stage with a roar of applause which gave way to instant silence, as with breathing stilled and eyes wet, four thousand people listened to the singer's encore, those beautiful lines from the opera "Bohemian Girl," "Then You'll Remember Me."

John McCormack has won a warm place in the hearts of the American public, because he sings in our own language. He has brought music to the people, and, while his programmes are varied, it is the heart-songs of his own land which endears him to the people. The reason for this is his naturalness, his sincerity. He loves his audience and they know it. He pays particular attention to the aged who come to hear him, and his attitude of devotion to the many silver-haired mothers present is beyond expression. When this was mentioned to the singer, he tenderly referred to his own home life.

"It is to my mother, and the mother of my children that I owe my success," he said simply.

Mr. McCormack loves his home. He is the proud center of the home group, and his boy, Cyril, is affectionately known as "Daddy's Brother." The McCormacks own a beautiful country place at Noroton, Connecticut, and there, in his garden, surrounded by the beauties of nature, he plans his programs, and it is there that he gets the inspiration that makes him a true singer of old songs—the songs the people love.

The romantic Spanish days live again among the old missions of sunny California



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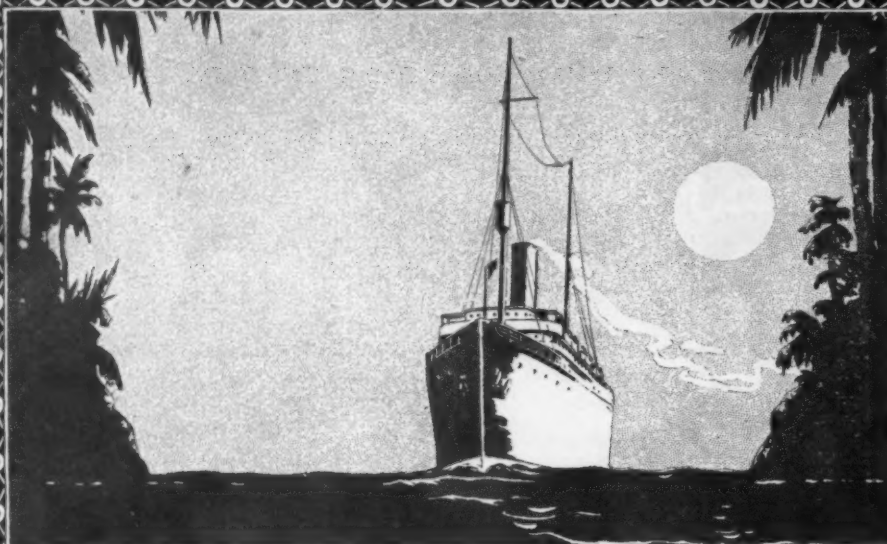
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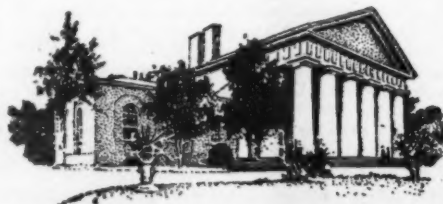
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